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AN
ADDRESS,
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE
TOWN OF HUBBARDSTON, MASS.,

DELIVERED JUNE 13th, 1867,
BY REV. JOHN M. STOWE, OF SULLIVAN, N. H.;

A POEM,
PREPARED BY DEA. EPHRAIM STOWE;
TOGETHER WITH OTHER
PROCEEDINGS AND EXERCISES CONNECTED WITH THE OCCASION.

WITH AN
APPENDIX,
CONTAINING A LIST OF THE MUNICIPAL OFFICERS,
AND OTHER INTERESTING MATTER.

WORCESTER:
PRINTED BY CHAS. HAMILTON,
PALLADIUM OFFICE.

1867.



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CENTENNIAL ADDRESS,

JUNE 13, 1867.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF HUBBARDSTON :

We congratulate you that the birthday of our native town falls on this auspicious season. Hubbardston was born in the most beautiful of the months ; when Flora, and Zephyros, her fabled spouse, were in their full ascendancy. We can observe the exact day without one wish that it had been in any other part of the year. As I have walked this beautiful shaded street, and looked upon the flower plots in front yards, with the woodbine and ivy climbing over the doors, and pinks and lilies and geraniums smiling through the window panes, and as I have seen the honeysuckle and hyacinth and forget-me-not distilling the fragrance of affection over the graves of the dear departed, I have inquired whether this love of flowers and trees, which has always characterized the people of this town, did not in part arise from the fact that the place drew in the odor of flowers with its first breath.

Doubtless the day was fixed without design, but we feel its influence none the less. As we have left our varied pursuits and come home, from the north and the south, the east and the west, to visit our mother once more, we find her attired in her most beautiful holiday dress, more beautiful and gorgeous on her centennial day than in her maiden life, as if each passing summer had given its beauties into her possession. As we have wended our way back to our native village, after years of absence, over these hills and through these winding valleys, it has been to us, one triumphal

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ovation, as when the victorious warrior of old returned to find his path strewn with blossoms and palm branches. Flowers have nodded and smiled to each other, and the rich green trees have bowed in obeisance as we passed. Just such summer breezes as of old have kissed our cheeks, and we have seen the same butterflies we chased once with naked feet. The wild pink of the woods has lost none of its former charms. The birds sing our welcome in the same tune we admired in our childhood's days. The squirrel runs out on the limb of the old tree, and chirps, as if he recognized us as old acquaintances. The brook ripples just as when we sought the spotted trout among its pebbles. Thus the very circumstances of the *season* carry us back to the past, and deepen the emotions, and hallow the impressions of the day. Grove and field, pond and brook, reflect the sweet images of early days.

This year summer seemed to linger in her coming, that she might strew our path with her virgin blossoms, and this beautiful day is God's own benediction upon the occasion. In all our wanderings, the old homestead has never been forgotten, and never was it dearer than to-day. We are glad to be here, and our only regret is, that we have not a richer tribute to bring with us.

As I am commissioned to speak in behalf of the resident citizens, as well as those from abroad, I would repeat their welcome. We are right glad to see you, and clasp your hands once more. We welcome you to our hearts and our homes, as well as to the festivities of this occasion. Natives of Hubbardston, and you who have captivated her fair daughters,—you who once dwelt in these houses and tilled these fields, and you who have been drawn here by a friendly interest, one and all, Welcome! May none of you ever blush to have it told that you was connected with this town, by birth, residence or relationship. But as you go back to your adopted homes, after revisiting the scenes of early life, and reviving old acquaintance; after sitting with father and mother, brothers and sisters again, around the



old hearthstone, or at the long table, where once the unbroken circle met, and after dropping a tear over the graves of the dear ones whose presence we sadly miss, may you go richer in precious memories, and better for this review of by-gone scenes.

But one theme occupies our thoughts to-day. At every fireside, and wherever friend meets friend, incidents and reminiscences of the town and its people, will be rehearsed. I shall present no other subject than the history and character of Hubbardston, through these hundred years.

Every thing that is valuable in this life is the result of toil, sacrifice and suffering. All the privileges of this favored generation have grown out of the labors and privations of those hardy pioneers who have lived before us. All those benign institutions under which we find shelter and repose, strike their roots deep into that soil which was watered with the tears and the blood of our ancestors. Every town has its own character as truly as the individual, and that character is often as much the result of early impressions. As we look over these pleasant homes and well-cultivated farms, and walk through these streets, meeting well-dressed and refined people, and view these churches and school-houses, we know that this would never have been realized, had not the early settlers denied themselves all such comforts, as they plunged into the depths of the dark forests which covered this whole territory. They dwelt in the rudest cabins, subsisting on the coarsest fare, depending upon the wild game of the woods for their meat. The nightly serenade of the Hubbardston Band then, was by the howling wolf and the hooting owl. The surly bear looked in at the door and growled at the children in the cradle. For twenty or thirty years after the settlement of this town, wolves and bears infested these forests. Yet with brave hearts and strong hands, these men cleared the woods and laid the foundation for coming generations; not for *themselves*, but for *us*. The axe and the gun were the pioneers of all this civilization and refinement.



It is not only fitting, therefore, that we pay an honest tribute to the heroic deeds and manly virtues of the fathers, but it is important also that we gather up and preserve the records, so that children's children may know what has been done for them. Some of the ancient nations saw so much the importance of a brilliant history to set before their young men, that where the record was obscure, or lacking in brilliant deeds, they supplied the deficiency with glowing fable. In some countries it was the custom to bring out the boys, at certain seasons, and show them the works of their fathers, and tell them of all the brilliant achievements of the past, that they might be inspired to do and dare. Such is the influence and importance of history.

Our annals to-day, must be simple and unpretending. We have but little of thrilling incident or romantic adventure to relate. Time has drawn a veil over many things. Much that we would be glad to recite can never be known, for none are left to relate it. Dust and mould have gathered over the names of many whose influence was once prominent here. Even the graves of some of them are as obscure as that of Alaric, King of the Goths, who caused a deep river to be turned from its channel; his grave was dug in its bed, and after he was buried the river was restored to its course again, and all the prisoners who did the work were slain, that none should know where he rested. So we know not the resting place of some of the fathers.

This town is located apart from the great marts of business, and thoroughfares of travel, with little to attract the busy world. We have been left much like Sancho, in the story of Cervantes. In his journey he fell soundly asleep in his saddle. Then there came a Frenchman and quietly lifted the saddle, and propped it up on both sides, and then stole away the beast from under him.

So *our* beast has departed. First came a railroad which lifted the saddle on the south side. Then a railroad which lifted it on the north side, and the two props put under, were two railroads *located* through town, but, never to be



built. Thus the long array of teams and stage coaches which once rumbled through these streets, and drove up to these hotels, giving much of life and bustle to the place, are seen no more. Yet we have a "habitation and a name" which need no embellishment of fable.

Even the retirement of the place is genial to many hearts.

"How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease."

These secluded towns have an importance which is sometimes overlooked. They are the nurseries of civilization, virtue, and piety for the whole land. From these farm plants have been taken the slips which have caused the prairies of the West to bud and blossom like the rose. New England enterprise, New England virtue, New England principle, have given to the great West the position which it now holds.

The lament in all these towns is, that the best, the enterprising young men emigrate. Let them go, and rejoice in the part you are thus taking in moulding the character, and shaping the destiny of the whole country. No place stands so high in the scale of importance, as that whose principal product and export is *men*.

Some years ago, in an obscure pasture on one of the slopes of Burnshirt Hill, there sprung up, unplanted, a little apple tree. For years it struggled for life against summer drought and winter storms, and browsing of cattle. At length it bore fruit, and of such quality as to attract attention. Thus originated the world-renowned "Hubbardston None-such." So from these obscure hills and valleys may come *men* whose influence will be equally wide-spread. It is a fact worthy of note, that the men who now take the lead in all departments of the nation have sprung up in just such rural homes as these. Our sons and daughters are found everywhere, and in that glorious day which is surely coming, when the clear, calm sky of freedom shall



bend its genial arch over all nations, and kindred, and people,
and when angelic voices shall sing

“That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord’s,”

we believe it will be seen that our influence was not lost in hastening that day.

There are a few things in the history of the town which partially obscure our fair fame,—scenes of strife and controversy, which I shall only reproduce so far as faithfulness demands. Let the waters of oblivion roll over them. We prefer to remember, and transmit to our children only what is pure and lovely and of good report. And when I allude to these things, I shall endeavor to twine the ivy, or weave the olive branch around the scars and defacements, rather than to expose them. I deem it no part of my duty to-day, to probe any wounds which time has healed, nor to uncover any deformities, the memory of which these years have overgrown.

Yet, though some evils have grown out of the excitable temperament of the people, with pleasure we record the fact, that there have been but few great crimes ever committed in town, and but few notoriously bad men raised here. We were obliged to own “Old Grimes” as one of our sons, even after Worcester took possession of his ears. Yet at this day we look upon *him* as a man exceedingly weak in mind, and weaker in moral sense, rather than as a great rascal. Besides, he was not born in town.

We have no Indian history to relate. There is no evidence that the native red man ever had a home or settlement within these bounds, or that he ever molested any of the people. Yet it is evident that he was well acquainted with this whole region, and that he had here important hunting and fishing grounds. The ponds, to this day, bear the names which he gave them, only that the beautiful Asnacoucomick has been corrupted into *Comet* Pond. At Nashaway, afterwards Lancaster, there was a large Indian settle-



ment of the Narragansett tribe, and later another at Niche-waug, now Petersham. From Lancaster to the foot of the "Greate Wachusette" there was a path, and from there it branched off on both sides of the mountain, one on the north and the other on the south, but both leading to Niche-waug. The southern path, undoubtedly, lay through this town, passing near to Comet Pond, then near to where Benjamin D. Phelps lives, and thence to Burnshirt Hill, and near Burnshirt river it probably met the other path. Near the pond just named, there are the remains of an old chimney, or rude fireplace, built of stone. Here probably they had a wigwam, as a sort of half-way house in their journey through the wilderness. It is probable that Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of the first minister of Lancaster, the story of whose captivity and treatment by the Indians was one of the marvellous books of our boyhood, passed down this path to Wachusett when she was ransomed and returned to her friends. In the records of the proprietors of Petersham is the following, made in 1734. Voted to give Capt. Jonas Houghton a sum of money, "for making the road so feasible, from Lancaster along the North side of Wachusett, to the meeting of the other path which goes from the aforesaid Lancaster, along on the South side of Wachusett, as to carry comfortably with four oxen four barrels of cider at once."

Hayward, in his Gazetteer, probably quoting from some old history, says, "around Moose Horn Pond, there is every appearance that there was once a stone wall built, or building. In some places the wall is two feet and a half high, as if laid up with men's hands; and where there is not one stone left upon another, the appearance is of a large wall thrown down." But good judges, who have examined these stones, are of opinion that there is nothing here more than might be produced by natural causes. As we can conceive of no reason for building such a wall, the presumption is that it is not artificial.

But just over our northern boundary, in what is known as "mine hill," is a remarkable *cave* or room, extending fifty-



seven feet into the solid rock, with a very narrow entrance. In the rock, overhead, the marks of drills are still plainly visible, and there are, in the region, the remains of an old well, and other evidences which prove it to be an artificial cave, and made long before there was any settlement here; when, or by whom excavated, will probably forever remain a mystery. My grandfather, who removed from Concord to this town more than seventy years ago, heard a tradition in his boyhood, which he supposed threw some light upon the matter. In that region were one or two merchants, who traded largely with the Indians. At one time these Indians brought, what seemed to be valuable ore, and these men, under their guidance, fitted out a company to go and secretly explore the mine. They were gone three or four months, but *where*, was kept a secret. The next year they went again, and were absent about the same length of time. They brought specimens of the ore, which were sent to England and analyzed, but not proving valuable, the expedition was abandoned, and these men dying soon after, the place of their operations was not divulged. It is not altogether improbable that this may have been the spot. This is about all we ever heard of the connection of Indians with this place.

On the 22d of December, 1686, Henry Willard, Joseph Rowlandson, Joseph Foster, Benjamin Willard, and Cyprion Stevens, purchased of certain Indians, who claimed to be the owners of the soil, a tract of land twelve miles square, with very indefinite boundaries, which was known by the name of Naquag, and is described as composed of "Medows, Swamps, Timbers, Etervils." For this they paid £23. The deed was not recorded till April 14th, 1714, in Middlesex County.

This purchase included what is now Rutland, a portion of Paxton, Oakham, Barre, Hubbardston, and the largest half of Princeton, and contained 93,160 acres, including 1000 acres already granted to Hon. Samuel Sewell. This would make the original cost of the land less than one mill per acre.



In 1713, on petition of the sons and grandsons of Simon Willard, the General Court confirmed this title, provided "that within seven years, sixty families be settled thereon, with sufficient quantity of land reserved for the use of the gospel ministry and for schools."

In December, 1715, the proprietors, who now numbered thirty-three, voted "to survey and set off into lots the contents of six miles square, to be granted to settlers in order to secure the performance of the conditions of the confirmation of the title." This tract was what is now Rutland, and a part of Paxton. They then laid out sixty-two house-lots of thirty acres each, which were offered to permanent settlers, with the promise that the remainder of the land should be divided among them, in case the sixty families were settled within the prescribed seven years. This was the case, and thus the proprietors gave up all their right in one fourth part of the original purchase, and continued to manage the other three-fourths according to the laws relating to proprietors, till 1749, when the northwest quarter was incorporated into a separate district, called the Rutland District, now the town of Barre.

The portion which is now Hubbardston bore the name of the North-East Quarter. What is now Oakham, was the West Wing, and what is now Princeton, was the East Wing.

This North-East Quarter contained something over 23,000 acres, which, according to the cost of the whole purchase, would be worth about \$18. You will observe here, that the very feature of the township which made it of so little value *then*, has *since* been the *great source of its wealth*, in fact, that which has made it what it is. It was because it was covered with dense, unbroken forests. The first settlers lived in the woods. Their descendants have lived by the profit of the woods. These forests were then regarded as the greatest possible incumbrance, and every means was resorted to to prostrate and destroy them. In the spring they set fires and burned over large tracts, in order that grass and



green herbs might grow for the cattle, which were driven up from the lower towns in great numbers, to pasture. One terrible accident occurred in consequence. In May, 1781, fire was running in the woods near the house of Joseph Parmenter, and a fresh breeze was spreading the flames. Mrs. Parmenter ran to Mr. James Thompson's, about 200 rods, for help, leaving her children, one three years old, and one a year old, in the house. She hastened back with all possible speed, but as she came in sight of the house, it was all in flames, and she was so overcome that she sunk down just where she was, unable to proceed further. Both the children were consumed.

The Natty Pond Meadows, now some of the most worthless lands in town, were considered some of the most valuable by the early settlers, because they never had much timber on them, and bore considerable quantities of hay. Of so little value was wood, long after the town was incorporated, that many men made it their business to cut down the trees and burn them on the ground, that potash might be made from the ashes. This was about the only article they could sell for money. But worthless as these forests once were, if the whole tract had remained unsettled and untouched till now, with the same progress all around us, probably all the property now in town, and all our cousins who visit us to-day, could invest, would not purchase it. Very few towns, so elevated, have so many valuable mill privileges. This, with the abundance of good timber, and that quality of the soil which so readily reproduces the forest after being cleared, has given to this town its importance. The words of the Psalmist are true of this place, "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon thick trees."

In 1737, the proprietors, in order to divide this North-East Quarter among themselves, decided to lay it out into 68 house-lots, of one hundred acres each, and 33 great farms, of five hundred acres each, which would give two house-lots and one great farm for each share, besides the reserved



lands. The same year the house-lots, and one of sixty acres, and another of seven acres, were surveyed. Before proceeding to the division, they ordered that lot No. 21 "be assigned to the first learned and orthodox minister, who shall be ordained, and settled in the ministry in this place, provided he shall continue seven years, or until the day of his death, to his heirs and assigns forever." This lot lay in what is now the very centre of the town, embracing the Common, the Old Cemetery, and the lots on which the buildings now stand for considerable distance around.

They also ordered that lot No. 30 be set apart, and remain unalienated, for the use of schools in town. This lot was sold in 1796, for \$1273, and was the origin of the present school fund of the town.

The lot of 60 acres was given to Eleazer Brown, who was then living upon it, on condition "that he or his heirs dwell, and keep a house thereon, for the entertainment of travellers, for the space of seven years." This lot was located where the farm of Thomas Temple has since been, and was the first settlement in town.

The seven-acre lot was granted for a meeting-house and common, and was situated on the top of the hill, north-east of the old burial ground. But when the people afterwards began to talk of building a meeting-house, they saw the inconvenience of the location, and made an exchange with Rev. Mr. Parker, who was in possession of the minister's lot, giving him the seven acres, and taking half that amount where the common now is. Mr. Parker's house stood on this spot. After settling these preliminaries, the division was made by drawing lots.

Early the next year the great farms were laid out, and finding that there was still a surplus of land, they ordered that a farm of 150 acres of the choicest and best land remaining be given to the first *minister*, on the same conditions as before prescribed. This lot was located on the south side of Comet Pond, and contained very large measure. The remainder was divided into twelve small farms



from fifty to ninety acres each, which, according to the record, were distributed "to qualify the greater farms," which means probably to equalize the shares in value. In this survey also, they reserved strips of land six rods wide, between two tiers of farms, the whole length of the town, for roads. This land has since been incorporated into the adjoining farms, thus giving to each hundred acre farm an extra 300 rods of land.

In June, 1738, when the final division was made, one small farm of fifty-seven acres was granted to Rev. Thomas Prince, in consideration of his great services performed for the proprietors, and another to Adam Winthrop for the same consideration. Mr. Prince was for forty years pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, and was a very distinguished divine. By inheritance, he became a large land holder in the East Wing of Rutland, and as Gov. Gill married his daughter, and inherited his estate, he probably caused this tract to take the name of his distinguished father-in-law. Hence the name of Princeton.

Adam Winthrop was for many years Moderator of the Proprietors.

When this final division of the farms was made, such had been the changes in twenty-five years, since the confirmation of the title, that only two of thirty-three original owners remained to claim their shares.

Active measures were taken for the settlement of what is now the town of Barre. Several grants of land were made, on condition that houses should be erected on them, and large appropriations were also made to build a bridge over Ware River, to clear out the road to Nichewang line, and to provide preaching. But it does not appear that the proprietors ever made any *special* efforts for the settlement of this North-East Quarter. Still the course they pursued with their purchase, *as a whole*, shows that they were men of large views and a liberal policy. The same policy which led them to give away one-fourth of all their lands, to actual settlers, and to make liberal outlays for other portions,



was doubtless intended to apply to this part also. They foresaw that if the southerly and westerly portions, which were most accessible, should become settled, the tide of civilization would soon flow over this tract also. The size and shape in which the town was laid out, six miles square, with the reservation of lands for schools, roads, parsonage and common, show that they contemplated making this as important a township as any of the others.

The territorial bounds of the town remain the same as the original survey, except that one five hundred acre farm in the South-East Corner was set off to Princeton in 1810. I suppose this was one of the *feathers* which naturally clung to the east wing when that was cut off.

Not one of these proprietors ever settled here, and yet their influence lives after them. The very policy which they pursued in regard to these wild lands has greatly affected the prosperity of the place even down to the present time.

The old Romans, to conceal the meanness of their origin, claimed to have descended from the gods, and gloried in the brilliancy of their fabulous history. We claim no such high origin. Our ancestors were neither *divinities*, nor very remarkable *men*, though we believe they were honest, brave, and true men, men who labored for the welfare of succeeding generations. We shall resort to no fiction in describing the first settlers, but give you the simple facts as we find them.

As we have already said, the first settler was Eleazer Brown, who came here with his family as early as 1737, and continued the *only* settler till the time of his death in 1746, about *nine* years. Mr. Read, in his history of Rutland, says, "Mrs Brown had the resolution and fortitude to remain on the settlement for several years after the death of her husband, before there were any other inhabitants, and, for a number of years it was called 'Widow Brown's Farm.'"

Of the character of Mr. Brown we know but little, but it would seem from facts already stated, that his business



was to keep a hotel. For a man to move out here into an unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by deer, bears and wolves, with no roads, except the path before described, and erect his log hut five or six miles away from any neighbors, for the purpose of keeping a house of entertainment, would seem almost like Cain attempting to keep tavern in the land of Nod. But when we reflect that this was at the time when companies of men were engaged in surveying the country, and many were looking it over with reference to purchase or settlement, that these forests were valuable hunting grounds to the sportsmen, and these ponds were attractive to the angler, and remember also that the Valley of the Connecticut was then the far west to the eastern towns, and that this may have been the main thoroughfare for the conveyance of cider to the new settlements, we may believe that his house had as many guests as some houses of entertainment at the present day.

It seems that he was faithful in his business, and exhibited true benevolence, for in the Proprietors' Records for 1743, we find the following minute, "Whereas Eleazer Brown, for securing travellers from being lost in storms, was settled in the N. E. Quarter of Rutland, and has dwelt there six years, and undergone considerable difficulty in so doing, therefore voted, that for the encouragement of said Brown, Mr. John Caldwell be desired to purchase a good Milch Cow, for the use of said Brown, and that he be paid therefor out of the proprietors' stock." The record also adds, "Mr. Caldwell informs that he is ready to deliver Mrs. Brown either of his cows which she may choose, for £16" (old tenor.) This shows human nature to have been much the same 125 years ago as now. Mr. Caldwell improved the opportunity to make a good sale of one of his own cows, and Mrs. Brown appears as chief manager of the firm of Brown & Co., Imholders.

From all we can gather, we judge that Mrs. Brown was well fitted for her position,—hardy, resolute, and masculine



in her character.* Though we may suppose that her house was not furnished, nor kept, after the style of the Astor or Parker House, yet it is said that she sometimes had wealthy, and distinguished guests from Boston. At one time she had several such gentlemen to dine with her, and she prepared the best dinner in her power. After they were all seated, she took her place as table-waiter. They dispatched their pudding first, which was the fashion till within the last half century, and one of them, who was a little more fastidious than the others, wanted a clean plate for his meat. As she could not furnish one, she took his quickly to the side of the room, washed it, probably in cold water, and returned it, all dripping, to its place. As he did not quite fancy that, she reached over his shoulder, took it again, and catching up the bottom of her short gown, wiped it and returned it. He, not seeing the operation, now relished his dinner, and those on the other side of the table did not describe the dish towel till dinner was over. If we shudder at such rudeness, we must remember that she was the smartest, handsomest, and most accomplished lady in town—the very *elite* of the place. I cannot say how far the plain, practical character, and rough sense of this woman, have influenced the prevailing sentiments of the town, but one striking characteristic of the place has always been the general equality of the people. The spirit of *caste* has never flourished in this town. The people have always associated on a common level, without stately airs or ceremonious etiquette.

On the 25th of November, 1746, Mr. Brown left his home to hunt in the woods, but never returned. On the 17th of January, having been missing fifty-three days, his dead body was found about three miles from home, near the line of Barre, bleaching in the northern blasts. His gun stood by the side of a tree, and a large buck deer lay dead by his

* Mr. Brown used to take cattle from the lower towns, let them run in the woods, guard, and salt them. At the sound of a conch-shell they would collect. Mrs. Brown, after her husband's death, would take her gun, mount her horse, ride along the cattle's paths, and by the sound of her conch-shell collect them, and, when necessary, pass over Ware River to Rutland.



side. All else is conjecture. Of Mrs. Brown we hear nothing after 1749, when she was living at the same place.

It is probable that not many years passed after the death of Mr. Brown, before other settlements were made. Molly Green, daughter of Israel Green, has always been reported to have been the first child born in town. She died in 1826, supposed to be 77 years old. If so, Mr. Green must have settled here as early as 1749. He lived on great farm, No. 26, near what is now the residence of Luke Waite. He remained in town about twenty years, and the first two years after the incorporation, his name appears as Moderator, Constable, Assessor, and Selectman. This is the last we hear of him, and suppose he left town about this time. The daughter, Molly, became enfeebled in body and mind, and returned to be supported by the town.

Several years before the incorporation of the district,* Charles Parmenter, Joseph Rist and Joseph Eveleth resided here; having located more for the purpose of hunting than for clearing up the land. Benj. Hoyt also came early to town, and commenced to clear a farm, the one now occupied by Mr. Lamphear, *and built a large barn in 1764*. In 1761 Joseph Grimes and four sons, one of whom was the celebrated Ephraim Grimes, came from Tewksbury, and the next year Stephen Heald came from Rutland. During 1766 several families came from Marlborough, Leicester and Holden, and commenced settlements in different parts of the town. These latter came with the definite object of making this their home, and devoting themselves to the formation of society and the establishment of a town. Now things began to assume a positive shape and character.

Efforts had before been made to obtain a charter as a separate District, with the powers and privileges of a town, but the number of families was so small, their request was refused. Now they petitioned with renewed zeal, till they

*This town was never incorporated as a town. As a district they had all the privileges of a town, except that they united with Rutland in their representation to the General Court.



accomplished their purpose.* On the 13th day of June, 1767, the N. E. Quarter of Rutland was incorporated into a separate district, taking the name of Hubbardston, from Hon. Thomas Hubbard, one of the original proprietors. He was long a prominent man in Boston. At one time Speaker of the House of Representatives. For seventeen years Treasurer of Harvard College. As his name appears among the proprietors of some of the neighboring towns, and as treasurer of the proprietors of Royalston, we judge that he was an extensive land-holder.

Tradition says, that in view of the honor of giving his name to the town, he promised to give the glass for the first meeting-house, and that the people of the town, to make his liberality more conspicuous, planned for an extra number of very large windows. But he died in 1773, and his estate was so much involved that they received nothing, and they were obliged to glaze their extra windows themselves,—another example of men standing in their own light.

It would be very interesting to go back and take a look at the town in its physical and moral aspect, as it appeared at the beginning of its corporate life, that we might more fully realize the changes of a century; but with all available data it is impossible to re-produce the picture, except in a very limited degree. So far as can be ascertained, there were about thirty families and one hundred and fifty persons here at that time. We cannot now tell where they all came from, nor on what farms they were all settled, but they were scattered in different parts of the town. In all these towns, for obvious reasons, the hills were sought as the first places for clearing. This will account for all the old roads running over the highest hills. Settlements were made, then paths cut out from one to another, and these paths gradually grew into roads.

*The petition bears date Jan. 28, 1767, in which the petitioners say "that the said North-East Quarter of Rutland is of the contents of six miles square of land capable of making a very good town." The reasons they set forth for asking to be incorporated, are that they have no roads and no means of making them, and they are so far from the public worship of God, in Rutland.

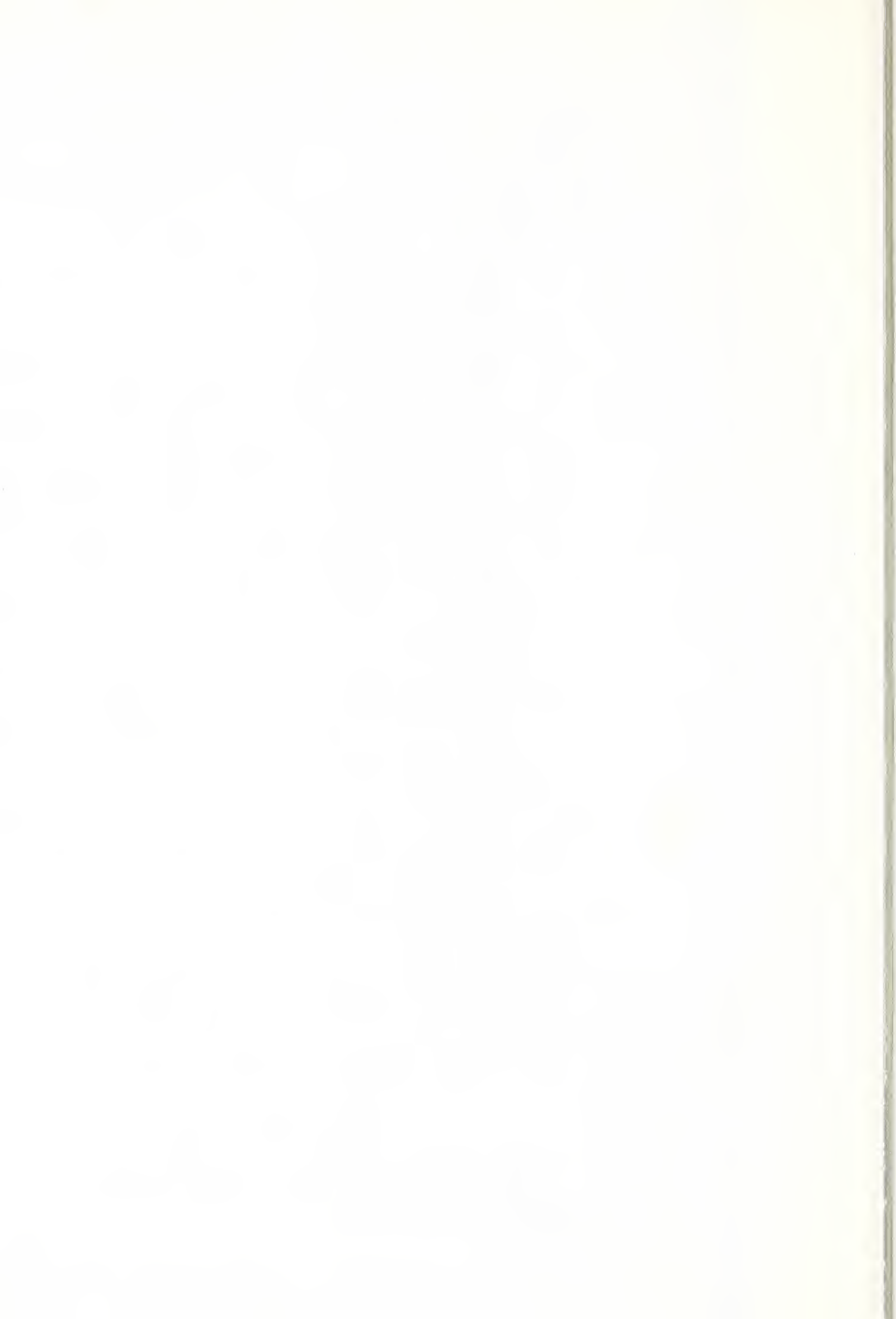


Many of the adjoining towns were settled before this, and families came over and located near the border.

At that time, where this beautiful village now stands, there were only three or four rude dwellings, and these streets were a dense forest. There were no roads, except bridle paths, (or "bridal roads," as some of the records describe them), through the forests, followed by the help of marked trees. There were no bridges over the streams. No stores, no post office, no meeting house, no school house, no mills. The families had but few of the comforts we now enjoy. There was no public conveyance to any place. The first stage-coach in America commenced running in 1772, from Boston to Providence, a distance of forty-one miles, and was two days in making the journey. Scarcely a spot now remains as it then was. The lords of the forests have fallen and saplings grow in their places. We sadly regret the indiscriminate slaughter of the old trees. Their value was not simply in the number of feet of lumber they would make. They were links with former generations. They were moral teachers. If these hills and valleys had been naked of forests, or covered only with shrub oaks and alders, I do not believe the early settlers would have been the men of large hearts and noble ideas they were. There is something in the stately oak, and the towering pine, that awakens lofty sentiments and high purposes. Let the same old trees, which sheltered the fathers from the storms, spread their genial shade over the children, and they will have a hallowing influence. I know this town has done nobly in setting trees to beautify the place. But another century must pass before these can be surrounded with the tender associations of many of those which have gone. If any of these old land-marks are still left, we would say,

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough."

There is not one building now standing that was erected a hundred years ago, except a portion of the house where Charles Hinds now lives.



The first spot occupied as a burial place, was on the west side of the common, near the hay scales. Whether the dust of those buried there was removed, or still reposes beneath the green turf, we do not know : but suppose we could call forth one of the inmates of those graves and show him Hubbardston as it now is in contrast with his recollections of it. Take him to this stand, and show him this vast assemblage of the natives of the town. Take him over the village and point out the neat dwellings and public buildings, and the fruitful farms all around. Take him into the homes of the people and show him how they live. Give him a seat on the sofa in your nicely furnished parlor, and play him a tune upon the piano. Point out to him the *fashions* of the day, some of which have a beauty of extreme minuteness. Go into the several cemeteries, where so many hundred monuments keep their silent vigils over the precious dust of hundreds, who have been born and died since he lay down to sleep ; and tell him that instead of these places being shrouded with gloom and dread, they are the places of most public resort. In short, show him Hubbardston of to-day, and would he not sigh and say, "This is not Hubbardston as I knew it ! How changed ! How strange ! Let me sleep on, for I am not at home here."

The first town meeting under the new charter was held July 3d, 1767, at the house of Edward Rice, who lived near the present residence of Hervey Clark. The call was issued by John Murray, Esq., of Rutland, a Justice of the Peace for the County of Worcester. He was chosen Moderator, and John LeBourveau, Clerk, Israel Green, Benj. Nurs, and Benj. Hoyt, Selectmen and Assessors, and Ezekiel Newton, Treasurer.

On the same day the Selectmen issued their warrant for another meeting, to be held at the same place, on the 15th of the same month, to raise money to build the county road from Templeton to Rutland, which had just been laid out. This was the old road leading over the "Muzzy Hill," through the village, and by where Isaac Mundell now lives.



This was the first public road, and for more than sixty years remained the great thoroughfare from Vermont, through Keene and Worcester, to Rhode Island.

At this meeting, the sum of £16, or about \$53, was granted to clear out the road. This could not have been so much as eight dollars to the mile. Soon after, a contract was made with Stephen Heald, to build a bridge over the branch of the Ware river, for \$33. This was near where Brigham's mills now are.

On the 20th of the same month, another meeting was held, at which provision was made for a school, to keep three months in the coming winter; one month at the house of David Slanow, where Albert and Edwin Bennett now live; one month at the house of Edward Rice, before named; and one month at the house of Adam Wheeler, the present residence of William Joslin. These schools were attended by nearly all the boys in the town.

If you ask why the *girls* did not attend these schools, we can only answer, that in those days it was expected that the men would do the business which required education. That was before the agitation of woman's rights, and the young ladies, even in the F. F. V.'s, were educated more on the spinning-wheel and the loom than in Algebra and Astronomy.* Their accomplishments were more in milking the cows and making golden butter, than in music, French and drawing; though in one modern accomplishment—horse-back riding—we think they would excel even the experts of the present day. Some of the mothers now living we know to have ridden from Watertown and Newton to this place, on horse-back and on a man's saddle, in a single day.

We suspect that another reason why some of the girls did not attend these schools, was because they had no shoes to wear. Besides, perhaps, the provision was made on the supposition that the boys would naturally embrace the girls.

We see that the charter of the town was not regarded as

* Gov. Bullock says he remembers to have passed, in early evening, to the sweet sleep of childhood under the æolian cadence of the spinning-wheel.



a mere name or title of honor, but under it the citizens began at once to work in earnest, to lay the foundations of the future. During the next five years, many roads were laid out and built at a large labor tax.

During the years 1771-72, Isaac Bellows, from Rutland, James Woods, from Marlborough, and William Muzzy, from Lexington, come into town, each with a large family. They were men of good education and general intelligence, and possessed of those qualities which make the good citizen. They did much towards forming the public sentiment of the place.

The town continued to increase in population and wealth. In 1790 there were 933 inhabitants, and at the close of the 18th century, 1113. And at that time the proportion of the State tax was \$1.89 on \$1000. More than double what it now is.

In 1770 the first school house was built, near the southwest corner of the old burial ground, and for several years was used for schools, for meeting house and town house. This was the only school house in town till 1782, when the town voted to divide the territory into seven districts, or squadrons, and granted £105 to build seven school houses the same year. But so great were the pecuniary burdens of those times, that four years after, but few of these houses were completed, and some of them not commenced; and in the mean time, one other district was set off on petition of the inhabitants, and Dec. 12, 1785, \$50 additional was granted to each squadron to complete its school house, and a new building committee appointed, and the houses were probably finished the next year.

Every year, except two or three of the darkest in the midst of the revolution, the town made appropriations of money for schools, in sums from £10 at first, to £100 in 1795, besides the income of the school lot. This money was divided among the several districts in proportion to the number of scholars between four and twenty-one years of age. But few professional, or liberally educated men have



ever been raised in this town, but in general intelligence and interest in common school education, we believe it has not been below other places.

The loyalty and patriotism of the town has never been questioned, except in one sad instance. Through all the bloody conflicts and struggles of the nation, this people have borne their part bravely and unflinchingly. The town had its birth amidst exciting scenes. The first settlers came here while the French and Indian war was raging. And even before their charter was given the Revolution had begun. There were signs of the approaching storm, too distinct to be mistaken. Two years before the charter, the famous Stamp Act was passed by Parliament. This roused the people in all the colonies. Franklin wrote to Charles Thompson, "The sun of American liberty is set. The Americans must light the lamps of industry and economy." "Be assured," was his friend's reply, "we shall light torches of a very different character." The almost superhuman eloquence of Patrick Henry had already kindled the phrensy of enthusiasm in many hearts. In New Hampshire, on the morning of the day when the act was to go into effect, the bells were tolled and the people assembled in funereal procession. A coffin, bearing the name of Liberty, was carried to a grave on the shoulders of eight men, to the sound of minute guns. A funeral oration was pronounced and the coffin lowered. Suddenly signs of life appeared. It was raised, and now bore the inscription, "*Liberty revived.*" Enthusiastic cheers went up from the multitude, and the sound of drums and trumpets greeted the resurrection. Such was the feeling all over the land. It was *war* rather than submission to such injustice. The next year after the incorporation, General Gage, with his troops, landed in Boston, and two years later occurred the Boston massacre. As a weekly newspaper, perhaps ten days old, brought the news of the event into this new settlement, may it not be supposed that it awakened the same feeling that prevailed on that ever memorable Sabbath, the 14th of April, 1861,



when the news came that the stars and stripes no longer floated over fort Sumter. Or on the 19th of the same month, when we heard of the bloody Baltimore massacre.

Those were trying days for a town just out of its cradle, but how nobly it stood in its lot for "freedom's holy cause," the records clearly show.

As early as 1774, the Selectmen of the town of Boston sent out a circular to all the towns and districts in the Province, calling for an expression of the sentiments of the people upon public matters. To this call the people of this town responded in the following language :

"We are of opinion that the Rulers first derive their power from the Ruled, by certain laws and rules agreed to by Rulers and Ruled, and when Rulers break over such laws and rules as agreed to by Rulers and Ruled, and make new ones, that then the Ruled have a right to refuse such new Laws, and that that the Ruled have a right to judge for themselves when Rulers transgress.

We think the Parliament of Great Britain have taxed us contrary to chartered rights; they have made our Governor independent of the people by appointing him a salary from home, and the Judges of the Superior Court, we hear, have a salary appointed from home, and have reason to believe it, which appears to us so big with slavery that we think it enough to arouse every individual that has any idea of arbitrary Power above the Brutal Creation, to use his utmost endeavors, in a lawful way, to seek redress for our injured rights and privileges.

We think we ought immediately, vigorously and unanimously, to exert ourselves in the most firm, but most peaceable manner, for obtaining relief. The cause of liberty is a cause of too much dignity to be sullied by disturbance and tumult. It ought to be maintained in a manner suitable to her nature. Those engaged in it should breathe a sedate yet fervent spirit, animating us to actions of justice and bravery. A free people cannot be too quick in observing nor too firm in opposing the beginning of alterations in a constitution."

This shows that they clearly comprehended the true principles of government, as well as their own grievances; that they bravely dared to stand by the right while they sought



for harmony and peace. Though the language is not altogether the choicest, yet who does not admire its truly Lincolnian strength and perspicuity.

About this time they adopted the Resolves of the Continental Congress, which were submitted to the people, to the effect that they would use no article that was imported from Great Britain.

Soon after, Congress called upon the people to assemble in their respective places of voting, to see if it be the minds of the people that Congress should declare the Colonies free and independent of Great Britain; and the inhabitants of this town, being assembled for this purpose, on June 14th, 1776, voted, *unanimously*, in the affirmative. And then voted, "that if Congress should so declare the Colonies independent of Great Britain, we, the inhabitants of this town, solemnly engage, with our *lives and our fortunes*, to support them in the measure."

This was no mere idle declaration, for directly after the fight of Concord and Lexington, a large number of men enlisted as "minute men," one of the first of whom was Isaac Bellows, and other prominent men followed. The town promised them a bounty in case they should be called into service. They were called out before the battle of Bunker's Hill, and thirty men responded, but the treasury of the town was so embarrassed that it was a long time before this bounty was paid.

In May, 1778, a call was made for three men for three years, and the town voted a bounty of £120 to each man who would enlist.

In the spring of 1780 a call was made for more men and provisions. At this time, paper money, or the old "Continental money," had so depreciated in value that it became very difficult to make negotiations in definite sums, and the practice of taking the value of other articles as the standard of prices for bounties was adopted. The men who enlisted for six months, were to "receive £10 per month, in Rye, Indian Corn, Beef and Sole-Leather, based on former prices."



And those who enlisted for three years, were to receive "twenty head of three years old Cattle—Heifers and Steers of average value."

It was also voted "to pay each man now hired the additional sum of \$500 in paper money."

During this year the General Court sent an order to the town to furnish their share of a quantity of *beef* for the army, which was 3420 lbs. The town voted to comply with the request, and wanted the sum of £5130 for the purchase of the beef. This would make the cost of it about thirty shillings per pound.

It appears that another call for beef was made, for on the first day of January, 1781, the town appointed another committee to purchase beef, and raised the additional sum of £10,000 to pay for it. This would make the sum of more than \$50,000 to purchase meat for the army. And in estimating the sacrifices of those times, we must remember that much of this paper money had cost *them* as much as good money *would in ordinary times*.

In an old memorandum book of Capt. John Woods, we find charged for doing some writing, probably a deed, \$30. For flip, drank, probably while doing it, \$8. For an almanac, \$6.

Up to this time the town furnished the required number of men without a draft. But the summer of 1781 was probably the darkest period in the whole history of the place. They had furnished a large proportion of their able-bodied men for the army, and had exhausted their means in paying bounties and for provisions. Now came the order for a draft.

The Selectmen and militia officers made every possible effort to obtain the men, but failed, and the Constable was ordered to warn all the inhabitants, personally, to meet on the second day of July, to decide what measures should be adopted. At that meeting they voted to postpone the draft one week, and to indemnify Capt. Slocum for all damage that might happen in consequence of the delay. The men



were not obtained and the draft was made ; but who were drafted does not appear.

A few days after they voted to give these drafted men nine pounds (old tenor) each, as a bounty. Also, "voted that Nathan Stone give his obligation to such of the men as prefer it to the obligation of the town." This shows that their credit was exceedingly low.

It is probable that but one other call was made for men. Of these, seven in number, four were hired from abroad for £75 each, and the other three volunteered.

Through all this year monthly calls were made for provisions for the army, and all through the war the families of all the men in the army were provided for at the expense of the town. In this they received no State aid, as in the recent war.

With the opening of 1782, after the surrender of Cornwallis, the murky war-cloud, which, for eight years, had enveloped the nation in gloom, began to break, and the bow of hope spanned the receding storm. In some respects, the records of those days are meagre and obscure. They sought to meet the stern demands of the occasion, rather than to furnish material for our jubilation to-day. I have not been able to ascertain who, nor how many died in the army. But there can be no doubt that the war drew largely upon the bone and sinew of this infant town. Widows and orphans were left to be cared for. Their means were so exhausted that they were overwhelmed with a deluge of debts and accounts. The State tax was excessively burdensome, and many law-suits were brought against the town. But there was not one lisp of repudiation. With the same manly courage, and the same noble sense of justice, which led them to support the government, they set about adjusting their debts, almost as soon as the last gun was fired. They voted to instruct the Selectmen to borrow money and pay all just demands if it could be done at a rate of interest not exceeding 25 per cent.

In 1778, when the State Constitution was presented to



the people for their adoption or rejection, this town voted unanimously against it. And the principal cause of their opposition was the property qualification of voters and office holders. They were *then* ready to recognize the fact, that a man is a man, without reference to his broad acres or well filled purse. This constitution was not adopted, and the next spring the question was presented whether another convention should be held. This town voted in the affirmative on certain conditions, one of which was that it be held near the middle of the State, showing that they were afraid of Boston influence and Boston lawyers. These conditions were not regarded, but they sent Capt. John Woods, as a delegate, and when the Convention had framed a Constitution and it was again submitted to the people, there was but one dissenting vote in this town.

Capt. John Woods was also a delegate to the Convention called to ratify the United States Constitution, and, with the entire north of Worcester County, except Athol, he voted against it. Only six towns in the County voted yea. And there were only nineteen majority in the whole Convention.

History informs us that this town took a prominent part in the "Shays Rebellion," a fact we would gladly conceal did not truthfulness require that we should allude to it. In 1784 we find them sending William Muzzey as delegate to a Convention held in Worcester, whose object undoubtedly was to plot this Rebellion.

The country was exhausted by the protracted war, till it had almost become bankrupt in its resources. There was no currency but the almost worthless paper money. Towns and individuals were overwhelmed with debts they had no ability to pay. Taxes could not be collected without seizing lands and goods. The court dockets were crowded with law-suits—there being more than two thousand entered at Worcester in a single year. The large hopes of the people on the closing of the war had been disappointed, and there was general distress and discontent.

These were the causes of that Rebellion, led by one Daniel



Shays, of Pelham, which was confined to the north part of Worcester County, and the Counties west of us. Its object, so far as it had any, seems to have been to prevent the sittings of the courts. This town embarked in the wild scheme almost unanimously. Even those who had fought and bled for the Independence of their country now joined in a movement to subvert its authority and trample its laws under foot.

Capt. Adam Wheeler, who had served most honorably through the Revolution, raised and commanded a company which marched to Worcester, in September, 1786, and paraded in front of the court house. On the steps was stationed a body of men with fixed bayonets and in front was Capt. Wheeler with his drawn sword. In this manner they received the court. But they were awed by the fearless and determined manner of Chief Justice Ward. He pressed forward till the bayonet points pierced his clothes. These men wore a sprig of evergreen in their caps as the badge of the Rebellion. The people generally did not sympathize with them, and they suffered extremely, sometimes going thirty hours without food or drink. Probably Shays' army never numbered more than two thousand men. And their whole course shows very plainly that they felt no confidence in their cause.

During the winter the privates went home, not covered with glory as when they came home after the Revolution, but humbled and made forever loyal by shame and suffering.

Capt. Wheeler escaped being captured by mere accident, and fled to Canada where he remained four years, when he returned, and the town settled up a civil action which had been brought against him. Thus we find the people true to their leaders even in a bad cause. We have not one word of justification to offer in their behalf, in this matter. It is a foul blot on the fair fame of the town, the county and the State. But when we remember what they suffered, we think it should make us tolerant in our judgment.



We cannot claim that the people of this town have always been *right* in their course on public questions, but we think we can safely say that they have always had opinions of their own which they have dared to defend. True, we are told that John Clark, when the officers questioned him in regard to his views upon the Shays Rebellion, said he was "a nothing." But he was not the founder of a party of that order.

The same loyalty characterized the people in the war of 1812 as in the Revolution. Though a large portion of them were opposed to it, as needless and wrong, they did not refuse to support the government.

We contemplate their course through the recent war with feelings of gratitude and pride. You know with what alacrity Massachusetts sprang to support the falling banner of the nation. In the very first regiment raised in the State this town was represented, and in the second more largely, and in ten or twelve others that followed, our men were found. The whole number of men furnished by this town was one hundred and fifty. About one hundred of these were citizens.*

Of this number a large proportion have gone to their rest. Some sleep where their slumbers will only be broken when the sea shall give up its dead. Others repose along the banks of the lower Mississippi, while others had but a shallow bed scooped in the "sacred soil of Virginia." And in all these sacred enclosures for the dead at home, the brave warrior has been laid by loving hands, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Some of them fell in the bloody conflict, more from exposure and disease, while others wasted away in the slower tortures of starvation in the stockade of Andersonville, where 30,000 Union boys were needlessly and wilfully murdered—rendering up their lives to the Moloch of secession.

* Ten more men were sent than required. About forty died. Ten paid \$300. Six furnished substitutes. Paid in bounties, \$8,625. Raised by subscription, \$2,405.



But few of these men were promoted to high commands, though we have Capt. Woodward and Lieut. Heald, and others of similar rank among us. It was in the *ranks* that the valor of these soldiers was displayed. They bravely met the foe, or endured suffering in the hospital and prison. Their record is neither stained by treachery nor cowardice.

While the blood-bought victory of Newbern and Roanoke Island and Gettysburg, and the persistent campaign which opened the Mississippi, live in History, and while men talk of that series of terrible battles in which Sherman "swung around the whole circle," and Grant "fought it out on that line" till our triumphant banner waved over the battlements of Richmond, so long will the heroic deeds of these men shed a lustre upon the town which enrolled them. In the language of our present honored Governor, "so long as we or our children live to enjoy the blessings of the Union, we will breathe a prayer of benediction for those, who, with untold sufferings, sealed the freedom of all races in America."

I see some of them before me. In the name of the town, in the name of the whole country, we thank you, and bid you welcome. And to those who are represented here only by the widow and the orphan, we would say, sleep on in peace while a nation, disenthralled and almost reconstructed, offers grateful incense at your graves.

Those, also, who remained at home, stood nobly by the government from first to last, straining every nerve to meet the demands made upon them. The ladies vied with each other in their sacrifices for the comfort of those who were bravely doing their duty at the front. Thus the century which opened with the heroic sacrifices of the patriots of the Revolution, finds a fitting close in the equally noble record of their descendants.

Not one slave ever breathed the air of Hubbardston. Slavery was not abolished in Massachusetts till 1780, and down to that time it existed legally in different parts of the State. At the beginning of the Revolution there were about



five thousand slaves in the state. But not one human being was ever owned as a chattel by our citizens.

We have not yet noticed the religious history of the town, and want of time will now prevent us from entering into all its interesting details. The principle which brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth, was freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. In a compact, written and signed in the Mayflower, they declared that they had undertaken the voyage "for the glory of God and the advancement of a Christian faith."

The same principle which led to the planting of the first colonies entered into the settlement of all these towns. Among the first objects of the early settlers, were a house of worship and a permanent ministry. Before they "dwelt in ceiled houses" themselves, the Lord's house was built.

And even before they had meeting houses in any form, they had public worship. "The groves were God's first temples." The same forests which resounded with the woodman's axe six days in the week, echoed the voice of prayer and song on the sabbath.

We have already noticed the liberal appropriations made by the original proprietors for "the first learned and orthodox minister," and for meeting-house and common. How far they were actuated by religious *principle* in this, we cannot say. A far-sighted worldly policy would have dictated as much. This was the surest way to encourage settlements and the purchase of their lands. But whatever their motive, it shows the prevailing sentiment of the times. Towns were usually incorporated when they could support a minister. And in granting these charters the State made provision for laying permanently, the foundations of schools, and religious institutions.

We cannot claim that all the first settlers of this town were men of personal piety and Christian experience. Indeed, we have reason to believe they were *not* religious in the most rigid sense. Yet the fact which they set forth in their petition for a charter, that they are so far from the



public worship of God, and the fact that as soon as there were twenty-five or thirty families they began to move for a meeting-house and a minister, show their high appreciation of religious institutions and privileges. We dare not say that they lived up to the letter of the law which made it a penalty for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, but that they respected all divine institutions is evident.

This town has long been distinguished for its liberal and unsectarian religious character. Unusual harmony and kindly feeling have prevailed among the different denominations, and though the "old Adam" has sometimes got the better of this feeling, we think we can trace it all the way back to the earliest times.

The first effort to establish a church was made by Joseph Grimes, probably in 1766, but it failed because only four or five church members could be found in town.

The church was organized Feb. 14, 1770. All the records say that at first it consisted of seven male members. But after a careful comparison of dates, I am convinced that there were but six members, one, whose name was included, not uniting till afterward. Rev. Mr. Parker was one of the original number. In 1771, Joseph Eveleth and Adam Wheeler were elected deacons.

As early as 1768 we find that Rev. Nehemiah Parker was preaching here as a candidate, probably holding meetings in private houses and in the open air, as there was not even a school-house till two years later. He received a unanimous call to settle, though at a small salary, even for those times. He accepted, but was not ordained till June 13, 1770. The ordination services took place under a large oak tree, on the west side of the common.

On the 8th of September 1772, it was voted "to build a meeting-house the present year," and at another meeting, on the 22d of the same month, the size and shape of the house were agreed upon, and a building committee appointed. The erection of the frame was let by the job for £80, "to be completed during the month of June next." In their ar-



rangements for raising the house they provided entertainment—"vitals and drink," for one hundred men and no more. What this entertainment consisted in we do not know, but in another town that we know of, it was voted "to purchase a barrel of rum to raise the meeting-house."* It seems that no more was accomplished this year than to put up the frame and enclose it. During the next winter the window sashes and frames were made, and the floor was laid. The next spring they arranged to purchase the glass, and voted to have the outside finished that year. Thus, in a little more than two years, they had the outside of a meeting-house. If we think them dilatory in the work, we must remember that they were but few in numbers and of small means, and that the events of the Revolution were already crowding upon them.

In this house, without paint or ceiling, pulpit or pews, or even seats except boards, and these probably laid upon the refuse blocks of timber, and no fire to warm it, they probably worshipped for nine or ten years. And though there was no rustling of silks or sparkling of jewels in the congregation, we doubt not they rendered as acceptable praise to God as if all had been in modern style. The men sat on one side and the women on the other.

As soon after the war was over as they could take breath, they began the work of finishing the inside, which work went on slowly. A pulpit and deacons' seats were first built, and then permanent seats on the lower floor. These seats soon began to give place to pews, and as early as 1794, the wall pews on the lower floor and one tier in the rear of the body of the house, and one tier in the first gallery were erected. The same year they voted to paint it outside and inside.

The huge belfry, and the old clock which looks down upon this scene, to-day, with the same sedate and unsmiling face as of old, were the work of still later years.

Thus came into being, by slow degrees, the "old meet-

*The meeting-house was probably raised June 13, 1773.

ing-house," which is so closely interwoven with the childhood scenes of many of us. It was a large, square structure, with double rows of windows—double doors on the south side, opening into the broad aisle which led to the pulpit. On the east end was a projecting entrance, and on the west end the great belfry with another entrance door. In the inside was the towering pulpit, and sounding board hung like a huge extinguisher over the minister. In front was the deacons' seat, and underneath, an open space which was a terror to all the boys who were inclined to whisper. There were galleries on three sides, square pews with chattering seats which uttered an audible response at the close of every prayer. This house stood near where the Unitarian Church now stands, and was reconstructed to make that house, in 1842.

From all that we can learn of Mr. Parker, the first minister of the town, we judge that he was not a man of superior intellectual gifts, but well educated, being a graduate of Harvard College, in the class of 1763, and in his student days somewhat given to college pranks. He was a man of decided theological views, and conscientious convictions. Of simple, unaffected piety, and tender sympathies. He was a man who could not endure controversy or strife,—like Abraham of old, a man of peace. For more than twenty years after his settlement there seems to have been the kindest feelings between him and all the people of the town. During all the trying days of the Revolution he manifested a truly noble and generous spirit. He asked for no additional aid, though the people showed a willingness to grant it. When the town was embarrassed for want of funds, he waited long for the payment of his small salary. During these years he sold the one hundred and fifty acres of land near Comet Pond, and nearly one-half the hundred acres where he lived, (his house was near the large elm on the common,) and expended all the proceeds in living, and still found himself in debt.

In 1792 he made known his situation to the town, and



they very coldly granted him £15 additional for that year. The next May he was obliged to ask further aid, and proposed to sell the remainder of his real estate for a parsonage. After much discussion and many propositions, the meeting was dissolved without any action, showing that for some reason their feelings towards him had been alienated. His friends now moved for another meeting, at which it was voted to add £15 to his salary, annually, while he remained as their minister. Subsequent to this the attention of the town was twice called to the same subject, but no relief granted.

At a town meeting held on the 5th day of June, 1800, Mr. Parker requested a dismission. In this request he says: "Considering the many infirmities of my body, and other important reasons, I think it most for the glory of God that I be dismissed." The town voted to grant his request, though we fear not altogether on the ground of promoting the glory of God. Here I will quote the exact words of Mr. Bennett in reference to this matter:

"Thus was dissolved that connection between Rev. Nehemiah Parker and the inhabitants of Hubbardston, which was formed in the open air under the spreading branches of a lofty oak tree, on the 13th of June, 1770; that connection which so happily continued for more than twenty-two years, when each party had seemed ready to lay down its life for the other, to spend and be spent for their mutual benefit and happiness. But when the prime and vigor of manhood was beginning to depart from that faithful servant, and other troubles, over which he had no control, were pressing heavily upon him, that sympathy which he had formerly received, and now, more than ever, needed, was beginning to be withheld, and so continued, by slow degrees, till he was forced to believe his usefulness had departed. Now, in the evening of his life, with ruined health, and poverty before him, he felt willing, for 'the glory of God,' to relinquish that small salary, which, for the last few years, had been so grudgingly paid him, and cast himself entirely upon the mercy of that Heavenly Friend and Master whom he had so faithfully served, and who he no doubt trusted would soon take him home.



We would, in charity to our ancestors, withhold this narrative from the people of the present day, but, as faithful historians, we feel bound to make it public. No truer illustration of the fable of 'the old Hound and his Master,' was ever acted out in real life."

Mr. Parker died Aug. 20, 1801, aged 59 years, and his remains sleep among the voiceless congregation to whom he once ministered, in the old burial ground.

At the beginning of the present century, the town seems to have been in a very prosperous condition, increasing more rapidly in population and wealth than most country towns.

For some time after the dismissal of Mr. Parker, they were without a stated ministry, but liberal appropriations were made for the support of the gospel. In January, 1802, after hearing several candidates, they gave a call to Rev. — Allen, which he declined.

On the first day of July following, they voted to give a call to Mr. David Kendall, with a salary of \$100, "until a majority of the town, or Mr. Kendall, should see cause to call a council of seven churches, whose decision should be binding." This call was accepted, and the ordination took place on the 20th of October, 1802.

Mr. Kendall was also a graduate of Harvard College, and a man of sound principles, but of very different spirit and temper from his predecessor. Mr. Parker, in his letter of acceptance declared that he "desired their souls, not their money." Mr. Kendall seemed to dwell with most emphasis on having a "comfortable and respectable support."

When they wanted to get rid of him they did not find him the man to sacrifice all his own interests at their bidding, and they seem to have been at their "wits' end," to know how to manage him at all.

The relation did not long continue harmonious. Complaints began to be made on both sides. Grievances were magnified by prejudice, and bitter criminations followed. The people charged the minister with a want of sympathy



for them generally, and he complained of their neglect to fulfill their implied, though unwritten promises of pecuniary aid made at the time of his settlement. Thus matters continued, the opposition growing stronger, till Sept., 1808, when a meeting of the town was called to see if they would "choose a committee to wait on Rev. Mr. Kendall, to see on what conditions he will take a dismission from his ministry."

Such a committee was appointed, and, at a meeting three weeks later, made an elaborate report, the principal recommendation of which was that the two parties mutually select a committee, and then one of the parties should name three settled ministers, and the other should select one of the three to be moderator of the committee, and to this committee was to be submitted the grievances on both sides, and if their report should be accepted by both parties, it was to be a "final settlement and burial of all complaints between the town and the minister."

At first this report was summarily rejected by the town, but afterwards adopted and the recommendation was carried out. The town appointed a committee of seven and Mr. Kendall a like number, and Rev Mr. Estabrook was agreed upon as moderator. The action of this committee is not recorded, though they made a report which was accepted. But it did not heal the trouble, for soon another committee of five ministers was agreed upon by the two parties, and a committee of the town appointed to present allegations. It does not appear that his committee ever met. In February, 1807, the town sent another committee to Mr. Kendall to see on what terms he would be dismissed, but they could come to no agreement. And one week later they sent another committee to make proposals. They proposed to pay his salary for eight months, but he did not accept the offer. Soon after they offered to give him \$500, and voted that if this was declined they would "proceed to a reference or council." It was not accepted, and one week later, they voted to appoint one man, with request that Mr. Kendall



should appoint another, who should agree on terms of settlement. This proposition was acceded to, and the town chose William Marean, and Mr. Kendall appointed John McClenathan. They did not agree, and Mr. Kendall was further urged to make proposals. He finally offered to take \$800 in addition to his salary. They voted to offer him \$600. This he declined. Then they voted to give him \$700, provided he would give \$20 of it to the poor, the selectmen to say who should receive it. This request was finally acceded to, and now they began to breathe freer.

Three or four other town meetings were held in course of a few weeks following, at one of which they provided for giving Mr. Kendall an obligation for the amount offered, and he was to sign a written release. At another they voted that he should supply the pulpit no longer.

Finally, on the 26th of April, it was agreed by both parties to withdraw all complaints and allegations, and on the same day a council met and Mr. Kendall was dismissed.

After his dismissal he removed to Augusta, N. Y., where he was installed in 1810, and dismissed in 1814. He was never settled again, and sixteen years after he was deposed from the ministry and excommunicated from the church. He died Feb. 19, 1853, aged 85 years, and in his last days his pastor thought he gave evidence of true repentance.

Rev. Samuel Gay was ordained Oct. 17, 1810, with a salary of \$500, on condition that his salary should close in one year after two-thirds of the legal voters of the town should vote his dismissal. He also received \$500 as a settlement.

For some time after the settlement of Mr. Gay, harmony prevailed, and there were many additions to the church. But he was a man of uncompromising principles, fearless in his utterance of what he considered right, and as fearless in rebuking wrong. He sometimes gave offence by his plainness of speech.

During the excitement of the war of 1812 he displeased a



large party in town, and twenty-seven families withdrew and united with the Baptist Society at Coldbrook.

They were taxed, as before, for the support of the minister, but refused to pay. The attempt was made to collect the tax, and some of their property was attached and sold. Great excitement prevailed, and there was no lack of will on either side.

The dissenters commenced an action against the Assessors. The result of this litigation was, that the town paid damages and all costs to those whose property had been taken. After the excitement subsided, most of these families came back.

But all disaffection was not removed. There soon began to be strong opposition to the doctrinal views of the minister, and in 1821 a society was formed which was called the "First Restoration Society, of Hubbardston," and thirty-eight families joined it at first, and several families every spring till 1825. On the first of May, 1826, this society was abandoned and most of the members returned to the old society. This was about the time of the great excitement throughout the state, and the breaking up of the old churches into Orthodox and Unitarian.

About this time persistent efforts were made to get rid of Mr. Gay. A town meeting was called April 3, 1826, to see if they would dismiss him. The vote stood, Aff. 48, Neg. 109. The opponents, disappointed at the smallness of their numbers, employed every possible means to increase their strength. And, as the Restoration Society was disbanded only a month after, it is evident that their object was that they might come in and vote against Mr. Gay.

At the March meeting, the next year, the vote was tried again, and stood, 99 to 65. On the first of April they held another meeting, when the vote stood, 106 to 65,—not yet two-thirds of the voters.

They then voted to hold another meeting on the first of May, for the same purpose.

In the mean time, the friends of Mr. Gay organized a



society which was called "The Calvinistic Society of Hubbardston." Its name now is the Evangelical Congregational Society. Eighty-eight persons joined at first, and filed in their certificates according to law. At the town meeting, on the first of May, the vote stood for dismissing Mr. Gay 114,—against it, none.

He supplied the pulpit till October, 1827, when he was dismissed by a mutual council, and the town paid his salary for one year after they voted to dismiss him.

The church which remained and worshipped in the old meeting-house assumed the name of the "First Congregational Church of Hubbardston." The parish remained under the control of the town, as before.

After having four or five candidates, Rev. Abner D. Jones received a call, and was ordained Nov. 13, 1828. He continued in his ministry four years, and was dismissed at his own request.

Rev. Ebenezer Robinson was his successor, and was settled Feb. 20, 1833. About this time the connection of the parish with the town ceased, and it was legally organized into a religious society. After a short ministry Mr. Robinson was dismissed, (Oct. 19, 1836,) and was succeeded by Rev. Claudius Bradford, ordained April 15, 1840. After his dismissal, (April 13, 1845,) Rev. Mr. Lloyd was ordained, but remained only about one year. He was followed by Rev. G. T. Hill, (installed April 14, 1847,) who remained only a few years, (dismissed August 29, 1852). Rev. Mr. Ryder was the next and last settled minister, though several others have been employed for some length of time, (ordained June 20, 1855; dismissed December 1, 1860). This church and society has generally been prosperous. But it is not my purpose to speak at length of the *recent* history of any of the denominations.

At the time when the Calvinistic Society was formed, the church of the town held a meeting in the center school-house, and with kindness of feeling, and an earnest desire to promote peace, passed several resolutions. They re-



solved to separate and form two distinct churches—those who had joined the Calvinistic Society to be one, and the remaining members the other. And the door was left open for any of the female members who might desire it, to return to the old church of the town within one year.

The church furniture was to be held by Dea. Justus Ellinwood, and used by both churches; and they were to hold their communion services on different sabbaths.

Mr. Gay was to hold the records, to be consulted by both churches, as they had occasion. They also arranged for a council, to ratify these proceedings.

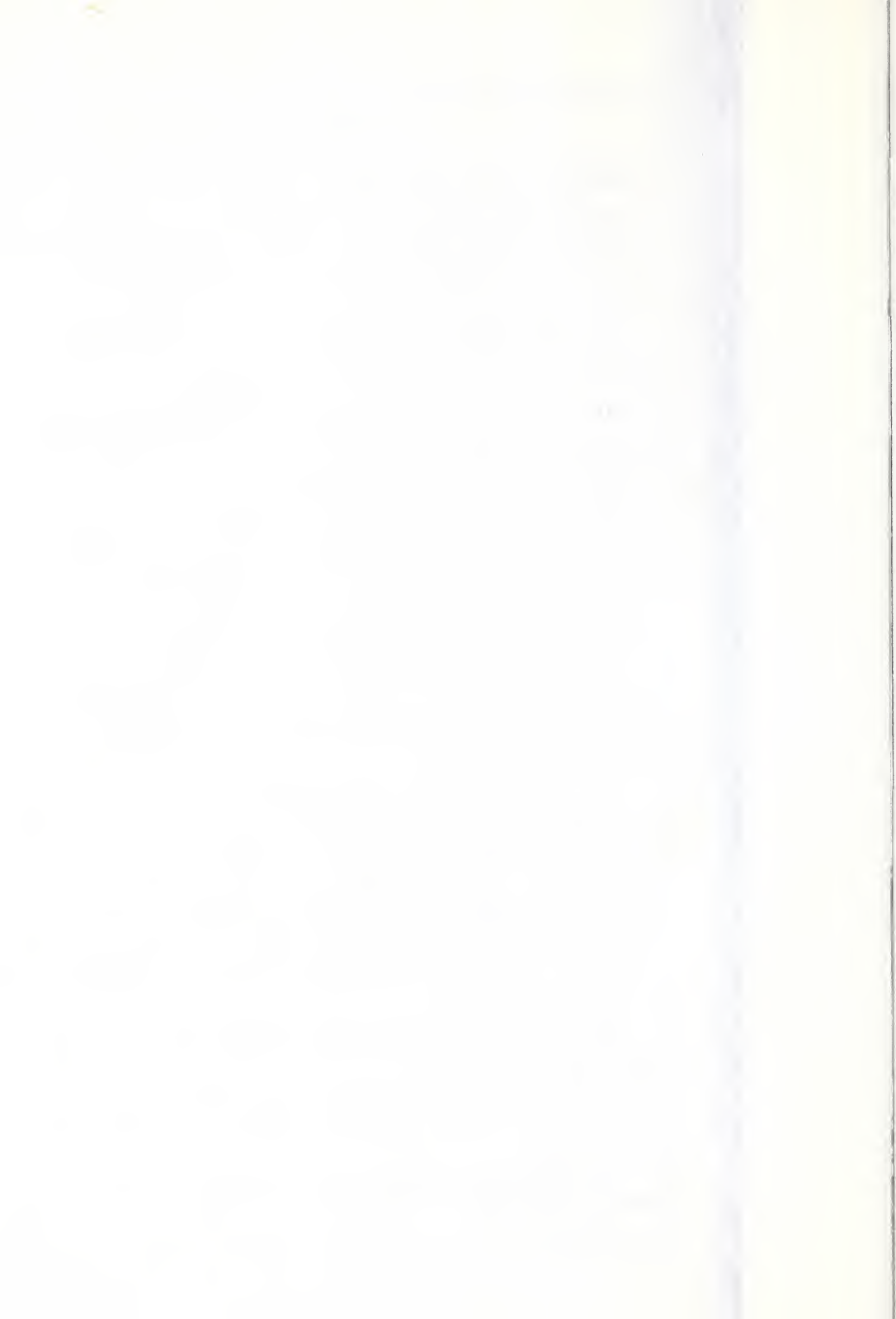
This council met October 31, 1827, and in their result they declare, that the majority of the members of a church seceding continue to be the church. They approved the spirit of the agreement, but declared it not according to ecclesiastical order, and dangerous in its tendency. They recognized Mr. Gay as the pastor of the church.

This result was read at the dedication of the meeting-house, on November 1, 1827. One hundred and twenty-five members went with the new society, and thirty remained with the town.

For ten or twelve years after the division, much harmony prevailed under the ministry of Mr. Gay, and large accessions were made to the church. Two hundred were added in ten years. But at length he was guilty of growing old, and in 1841 much dissatisfaction was manifested, and efforts were made to have him dismissed. He was dismissed December 1, 1841, and on the same day, Rev. O. B. Bidwell was ordained in his place.

Mr. Gay was born in Dedham, March 16, 1784, and graduated at Harvard University, in 1805. After his dismissal he retired to his farm, where he died, very suddenly, October 16, 1848, thirty-eight years, to a day, after his ordination.

Mr. Bidwell was dismissed after a ministry of four years, during which sixty were added to the church.



Rev. D. B. Bradford was installed June 17, 1846, and dismissed April 22, 1852.

He was succeeded by Rev. C. W. Allen, who was settled December 29, 1852, and dismissed December 31, 1860. He was the last settled minister.

The first preaching in town by the Methodists was in the south school house, in 1838, and much interest was awakened. The next spring Rev. Mr. Whitman began to preach in the hall at the Star Hotel. The same year permanent preaching was established, and the church commenced. Their meeting-house was dedicated September 25, 1839. During the first two years one hundred and seventy-one were added to the church.

They have generally been successful in their ministers and united in their efforts, and have done much good in town.

The first practicing physician in town was Dr. Moses Phelps, who, for nearly half a century, visited his patients, riding on horse-back with his huge saddle-bags of medicine. He was followed by his son, Moses Phelps, who studied and practiced with him. He has practiced more than fifty years, and still lives among you.

Of Hoyt, and Holmes, and Howe, and Goodnow, and Alexander, and Bemis, and Pillsbury, and Scribner, and Freeland, and Billings, and Lincoln, and Sylvester, and Ruggles, and Tenney, and Ames, and other sons of Æsculapius, who have been here, time would fail me to speak.

Fair Hygeia, the fabled daughter of the god of medicine, has also dwelt here. A few times in our history, disease, in form of scarlet and typhoid fever, has been commissioned as the destroying angel, to smite the first-born of many homes, and pale consumption always walks among you; yet in the general average the vital statistics compare favorably with other places.

Most of the doctors and ministers have lived to get out of town, and those who remained have come to their graves in full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season. A few



people here have almost reached a hundred years, and many have passed four score. The average ages of about thirty of the first men who settled here, all whose ages I find, is seventy-six years, and that of the wives of twenty-five of these men is eighty years.

The first explorer of Florida, thought its luxurious woods must contain the fabled fountain which would restore old age to the vigor of youth, and he spent much time in search for it. So pilgrims from the city, every year, seek the fountains of health among these hills, and though they find no Pool of Siloam, yet the mountain breezes kiss the paleness from their cheeks and quicken all the pulses of life.

The legal profession has had but few representatives in this town. Samuel Swan, Esq., spent most of his life and reared his family here, but no one else ever remained long. As a whole, this town has been noted for the frequent changes of its professional men. Royalston began its second century with its fourth minister and fourth physician in the center of the town. We have had scores to preach, and almost as many to practice.

But I am detaining you too long. Your stomachs clamor for an advance in the programme. When Fitz Henry Warren, who has since been Assistant Postmaster General, and a general in the army, was a boy, he lived with Mr. Augustus Wheeler, of this town. It was then the custom to carry out grog to the farm hands two or three times a day, and they called it by the significant name of tangle-legs. One sultry afternoon it was not brought around till later than usual. When it came Warren's turn to drink, he very sagely remarked that he "would rather not have had any tangle-legs all the afternoon than to have waited so long for it." So I fear you feel in regard to your dinner.

And this is not all that waits. The great feature of the day, in my view, is in the social re-unions,—the renewal of old acquaintance, and this imperfect tribute must draw to a close.

We have partially surveyed the history of the town and



the characters and achievements of its citizens. We have seen how wisely the proprietors planned for us. We have followed the first settlers through some of their toils and sacrifices. We have witnessed their patriotic struggles, their patient endurance, and Christian faith in those days which tried men's souls. We have traced their influence in politics, in religion, and in industrial pursuits. If time would permit, we might also show how they have helped forward almost every cause of benevolence and philanthropy. They have shown a liberal spirit. The poor outcast, the manacled slave, and the besotted drunkard have always found friends in Hubbardston. But their indignation has burned like an oven against the oppressor and the run-seller. No high reputation nor saintly garb has shielded a man when they thought him corrupt. Thus their benevolence and mercy has been tempered with a high sense of justice.

But if it were possible to lift the veil and show you how they have lived in their own homes, how they have discharged the kindly offices of friends and neighbors, it is there we believe their characters would shine most brightly.

Now these fathers sleep all around us in these sacred enclosures of the dead, but "out of the silence of their graves comes a voice which repeats the lessons of their lives."

It is for us to take up and carry forward what they so faithfully begun. In this age of progress we ought to improve upon what they did, and leave to our children a richer legacy than was bequeathed to us. If they have transmitted to us schools and churches, it is for us to make them more efficient means of good. If they gave up their lives in their efforts to pass over into our hands the Union, the Constitution, and the laws, then it is for us not only to guard the sacred treasure, but, following the light of that banner which waves so proudly over us, and on every one of whose ample folds is inscribed in letters of living light, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," it is for



us to promulgate the principles of liberty till all men are free indeed.

When time's ceaseless pendulum has measured the hours of another hundred years our dust will mingle with theirs, and our deeds will have passed, a few into history, but most into oblivion. And if, on the 13th day of June, 1967, our descendants shall be pleased to observe their centennial day, may the records of this coming century show as little to censure and more to admire than we find in that just closed.

NOTE.—I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to William Bennett, Esq., for many of the facts embodied in this address.



P O E M .

PREPARED BY DEA. EPHRAIM STOWE.

MR. PRESIDENT :—

You call on me, aloud,
To stand before this crowd,
As if I were a *poet* ;
I'm no great poet, Sir,
My *writings show it*, Sir,
Just listen, and *you'll* know it.

'Twas said in olden time,
That those who scribbled rhyme
Were rather simple folks :—
I hope you don't stand there,
Nor occupy *that* chair,
To deal out such old jokes.

It has been often said,
That in a poet's head
" There's little *common* sense ;—
They sometimes show some wit,
Yet often, not a bit
Is known to flow from thence."

'Tis hard, they say, to find
That poets have a *mind*,—
" They're all *imagination* ;"
Why, if they mount the sky,
And call the flowers on high,
" 'Tis Fancy's wild creation."

Or if they soar afar,
And leap the polar star,
Or dance around the sphere,
And paint the realms above,
All radiant with love,
The reader's heart to cheer :—



Or strive to spread abroad
 The glory of that God
 Who laid the earth's foundation!
 Why, it is all the same:
 That pure poetie flame
 "Is all imagination."

But, Sir, I will not roam,
 But speak of things at home,
 The *day*,—the *place*,—the *times*;—
 And, if the *picture*'s soiled,
 The *truth* shall not be spoil'd
 For sake of making rhymes.

Yet, while I'm doing so,
 I must be left, to go,
 And seek my humble muse,
 For, I must linger where
 Her teachings I may share,
 Or else, your call refuse.

Judge Chapin had some dreams, you know,
 Of late, about old Mendon,
 And he's a man, the records show,
 That we may all depend on:—
 An honest judge, (though man of wit,)
 Before whom sorrowing widows sit.

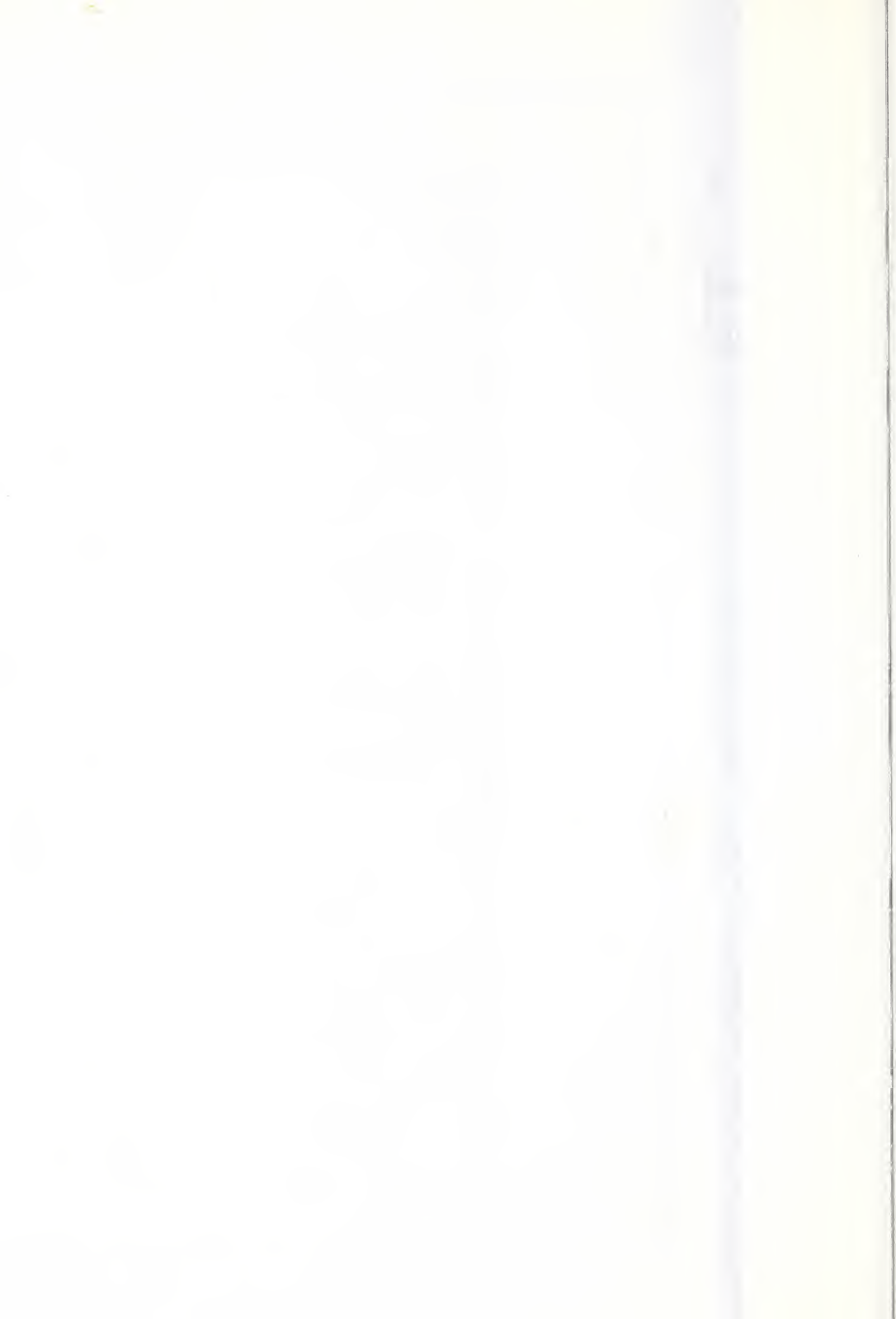
He *dreamt*,—or *thought* he dreamt,—you see,
 (So dreamlike it was seeming);
 And so, perhaps, you'll pardon *me*,
 If I should fall to dreaming
 About old *seasons* and old *times*,
 As I grow sleepy, making rhymes.

I cannot hope to dream like him,—
 (Or wide awake or sleeping);
 Poetic fire in me is dim,
 While his, so bright is keeping;—
 And Mendon, too, that trained her son,
 Is *twice* as *old* as Hubbardston.

Why, such a man, with such a training,
 May grace the poet's lyre,
 But untaught *farmers*, old and waning,
 Can never e'en aspire
 To anything but *simple* rhyme,
 For they are men of *olden* time.



When God designed to frame this earth,
And spoke creation into birth,
A skill was shown in every part
Transcending all the works of art.
The glorious sun was made to roll
His light and heat from pole to pole.
The silver moon, with borrowed light,
Was set to cheer the darksome night;
And *lesser* lights, with *fainter* rays,
Reflected from the solar blaze,
Now deck the skies, as bright, as fair,
As when His finger placed them there.
These works of an Almighty hand,
So nicely wrought,—so wisely plann'd,
Have felt no jar in centuries past,
Nor will they jar while time shall last.
And when His glorious scheme was laid,
And earth by *Power Divine* was made,
To perfect all this wondrous plan
He made the wondrous creature, *man* ;—
And, as descendants of that race,
He gave *us*, for a dwelling place,
This good old *town*, which we all know
Was named a hundred years ago.
That name is dear to every son
And daughter of old Hubbardston.
Perhaps the dearest spot on earth,
To those who've trod it from their birth ;
And 'mongst these hoary heads are some,
Who've had it for a *lifelong* home ;
And here are those who've reached fourscore—
A few have nearly ten years more.
We love this place, for here hard by
Our *fathers*, *mothers*, *children* lie,—
Yea, *wives* and *husbands*, dearer still,
The graves in yonder churchyard fill ;
And soon, we, too, expect to rest
Beside the ones who loved us best.
We're, many of us, grey and old,—
Our days are numbered—nearly told,
And yet, 'tis little we can know
Of things an hundred years ago.
Our birthday's one of *later* date
Than that which now we celebrate ;
But still we can remember well
What we have heard our fathers tell.
E'en now, fond memory wanders back
Adown life's narrow, beaten track,
To by-gone days of childhood's bliss,



("The purest known in worlds like this,")
When sitting round (at evening tide)
The great old fire-place, deep and wide,
All glowing with a fat pine blaze,
(The *kerosene* of former days,)
We read, or heard the story told
Known only to the men of old,
When all the region round was new,
And settler's huts were small and few.
When, here and there, cleared spots were seen,
But those were few and far between.
And these green fields, and pasture lands
That bear the mark of skillful hands,
Were covered o'er with lofty trees,
All proudly waving in the breeze.
Two hundred years ago,—and less,
This town was but a wilderness.
Few paths were cut, no roads were made
Where now, our great highways are laid;
And these rich farms, and gardens fair,
Were barren wastes in desert air.
But time has wondrous changes wrought,
And brighter scenes this century's brought.

The town, in every part, displays
The changes wrought in by-gone days.
Our hills and ponds remain the same,
And still retain the ancient name:
There's Comet Pond, and old Moose Horn,
And Natty, with her look forlorn:
Mount Jefferson, and Ragged Hill,
And Burnshirt, rich and fertile still,—
Old Sherman, Coon, and many more
Still bear the name they took of yore,
While rivers the same channels fill,
And streams, as usual, run down hill.
But this,—our long-neglected street,
(A prettier one we seldom meet
In any common country town,)
From puling youth, to manhood's grown.
Some few within this audience know
How this street looked long years ago.
A tavern stood at either end,
Where those who had some cash to spend,
Or idle hours to pass away,
Might wet their whistles any day;
And it was said, we know not why,
That whistles then were often dry.
One single dwelling house, between



These two old taverns, could be seen;—
 A school-house, shop, and old potash,
 For turning ashes into cash,
 Were all the buildings on the way
 Through what we call the street, to-day;
 While on the common, some horse-sheds
 T'would hardly cover horses' heads,
 A meeting-house, *then* pretty good,
 And one or two old dwellings stood.
 There was one little business spot
 That is not easily forgot;
 At one end of the street were found
 A tavern, shop, school-house and pound.
 Between the shop for shoeing horses,
 For long years known as Mr. Morse's,
 And that one where the idle fool,
 As he deserved, got whipt at school,
 A pound with walls t'would stand one battle,
 Stood to shut up the unruly cattle.
 Here the poor horses' tender feet
 Were fitted for the rocky street,
 And made in winter not to slip,
 While owners, *waiting*, took their flip.
 Here *boys* were taught their A, B, C,
 And naughty *cattle* made to be
 Content, on their own fields to graze,
 And not be found on the highways;
 And, 'twixt the cattle and the boys,
 At noon you'd hear a frightful noise.

Such was the town of Hubbardston
 When this last century begun.
 There were no stages—good or poor,
 To take us up at our own door,—
 No carriages,—at least, but few.
 To meeting, and to weddings, too,
 E'en ladies rode on Dobbin's back,
 Jog-trot along the narrow track;
 And, very often, you would find
 The lady mounted on behind
 The man, with each a lesser chap,
 All snug and warm within the lap.
 With two bright eyes, just peeping out
 To see what all the world's about.
 This was no *locomotive* train,
 And yet you'd hear the *whistle's* scream
 Quite often, where there was no *crossing*,
 While little *jists* the blankets tossing,
 Gave warning to the passing stranger



To turn aside and 'scape the danger.
 Why, young folks now would laugh out loud
 To meet *that train* upon the road,
 Where wagons, buggies, coaches play,
 Like Zephyrs round the lap of May.

No railroad tracks have here been laid
 To give an impetus to trade,—
 No telegraphic wires put down
 To bring their messages to town.
 No parks or Broadways here are seen,
 Yet we've a pretty village green;
 And here, perhaps, it may be well,
 On this occasion, just to tell
 These young folks, how these walks were made,
 And who contrived this lovely shade.
 Men often had the thing in view,
 But what their hands designed to do,
 For reasons that do not appear,
 Had been delayed from year to year.
 But, ere the thing was fairly planned,
 The *ladies* took the work in hand;
 And ladies have a wondrous power
 To meet the crisis of the hour.
 They went to work,—got up a fair,—
 Invited everybody there,—
 Spread out their tables of rich cake,
 And such as ladies only make,
 Had tea and coffee, oysters, meat,
 And every thing that's good to eat,—
 (No *liquor*, though, no, not a bit,
 For *ladies* never furnish it.)
 Well, they had knickknacks, too, to sell,
 And various things that pleased us well;
 While words and smiles,—“smiles of the fair”—
 Shed all their kindly influence there.
 Those tempting things, and pleasant looks
 Soon opened all the pocket books,
 And drained them of their surplus cash,
 For *men* began to think 'twas trash,
 But *woman* happened still to know
 That money always “made the mare go;”
 And soon the needful funds were raised,
 And cake and women both were praised.
 This was the way the cost was met,
 The side-walks made, the young trees set;
 Thus, woman's influence prevails
 When man begins a work, and fails.
 'Twas woman's influence that lent



New wings to Bunker's monument,
 And bade it start anew, and rise
 In awful grandeur, toward th' skies;
 And thus, in many a darksome hour,
 She has put forth a *saving* power.
 The *symbols* of that power we meet
 As we walk up or down the street;
 And while we seek the cooling breeze,
 Or linger 'neath these shady trees,
 We are reminded of the "*fair*"
 That found the means to set them there.

In olden times these homes of ours
 Were not adorned with pretty flowers;
 Our mothers, at the spinning-wheel,
 Knew not the pride their daughters feel
 In working o'er their garden lots,
 Or rearing flowers in earthen pots,
 To make their *kitchens* sweet and fair,
 And shed their fragrance on the air.
 To-day, the door-yards we behold,
 Are dressed in purple, green and gold;
 And lovely flowers of every hue,
 (Each day presenting something new,
 The *steps*, the *walks* and *window-sill*,
 And *tables*, near the fireside, fill;
 While round the house the gardens fair
 Give sweetness to the morning air.
Man's work is various, changeful, strange;
 The work of God has known no change.
 To-day, as we stand looking down
 The borders of another town,
 We see the same majestic hill
 That, in our boyhood, used to fill
 Our hearts with such untold delight,
 As we beheld her glorious height:—
 Her head, above the thunder-cloud,
 Aspiring, lofty, bold, and prond;
 While shafts of lightning, at her feet,
 Fell harmless as a shower of sleet.
 She stands there *now*, in all her pride,
 The *small Wachusett* at her side,
 Her little *daughter*,—fair as ever,
 And still as dutiful and clever,
 Unlike the *girls*, she's found no other
 For whom she'd leave a good old mother.
 Old Rutland, too, on yonder height,
 Is standing now,—as fair and bright
 As when she first stood looking down



On this, her little daughter-town,
 And watching with a mother's care,
 To see her grow up good and fair.
 We still delight to call her mother,
 For, as a town, we've known no other.
 The daughter, as old Rutland calls
 Us still, had few good waterfalls,
 But, whether in her maidenhood,
 She wore the modest shaker hood,
 Or donned the new style, tiny bonnet,
 That shows a *head* with nothing on it,
 And wore big hoops, as our girls do,
 We must confess, we never knew.
 But this we know,—whate'er the past,
 The waterfalls are gaining fast,
 Though more upon the daughter's heads,
 Than by the ponds, or river beds;—
 Yet these will drive the spinning-wheel,
 While those can neither spin nor reel.

There's Princeton, too, and Barre,
 Who much to market carry,
 And where the boarders tarry
 In summer's sultry hours:—
 Both sons of the same mother,
 (And each we love as brother,
 And one as well as t'other;)
 In sunshine, and in showers,
 Have stood, like friends who love us best,
 To guard our borders, east and west.

We're shut out, it is true,
 Mother, and daughter, too,
 Where little comes that's new,
 And railroads never reach us;
 The whistle, and the car,
 And engine, heard afar,
 All steaming like hot tar,
 This useful lesson teach us:
 To be content, and never crave
 The things we ne'er can hope to have.

We have our summer breezes.
 The spring-time always pleases,
 And *Jack*, in winter, freezes
 The ponds and rivers over,
 To make them fit for skating;
 While boys and girls stand waiting,
 (Perhaps, for life they're mating)
 Like bees round heads of clover;



While merry sleigh-bells on the street,
And fireside scenes, make winter sweet.

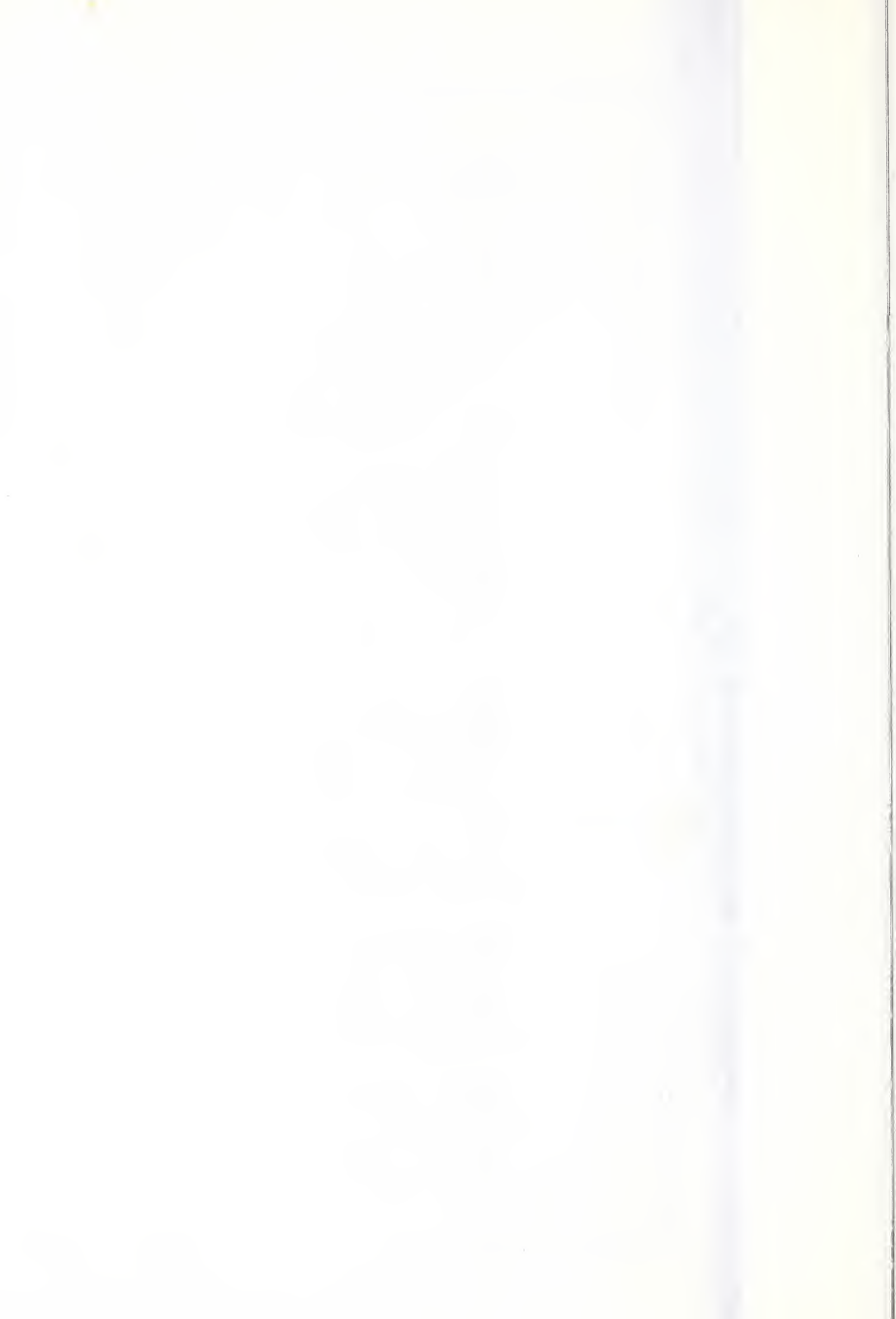
This home of ours is dear,
We should be happy here,
Nor drop a single tear,
Because the railroads dodge us;
We've land enough to till,
And barns that we may fill,
If only we've the will;
And houses, too, to lodge us.
Enough to eat,—enough to wear,
Should make us happy anywhere.

There's Gardner too, and Templeton,
(Though neither, our old mother's son,)
Have stood by us since time begun,
Like true and lawful brothers;
And Phillipston and Westminster,
Though not a bit akin to her,
Have been as firm as if we were
The dearest of all others;
And there they'll stand, while time shall last,
As they have stood in ages past.

With these good, friendly towns beside us,
(And nothing likely to divide us,)
We'll fear no ills that may betide us,
And let the railroads go.
Nor care for telegraph a whit,
Nor envy other towns a bit,
Who long have had the benefit
Of what we cannot know;
We'll cling to the old farm, or shop,
And let such vexing questions drop.

Old Hubbardston had one odd son,
Who answered to Eph. Grimes,
And he was known in every town,
Quite well in former times,
From Worcester through to Canada,
And is remembered to this day.

He was a "brick,"—an odd old stick,
All running o'er with fun;
He loved a joke, and seldom spoke
But what he hit some one;
He'd be polite, and sing and pray,
And play the "possum" any day.



We heard among the songs t'were sung
 By rowdies, years ago,
 "Old Grimes is dead," while his old head
 Was *here*, as white as snow.
 He quite forsook his better half,
 And only lived to make folks laugh.

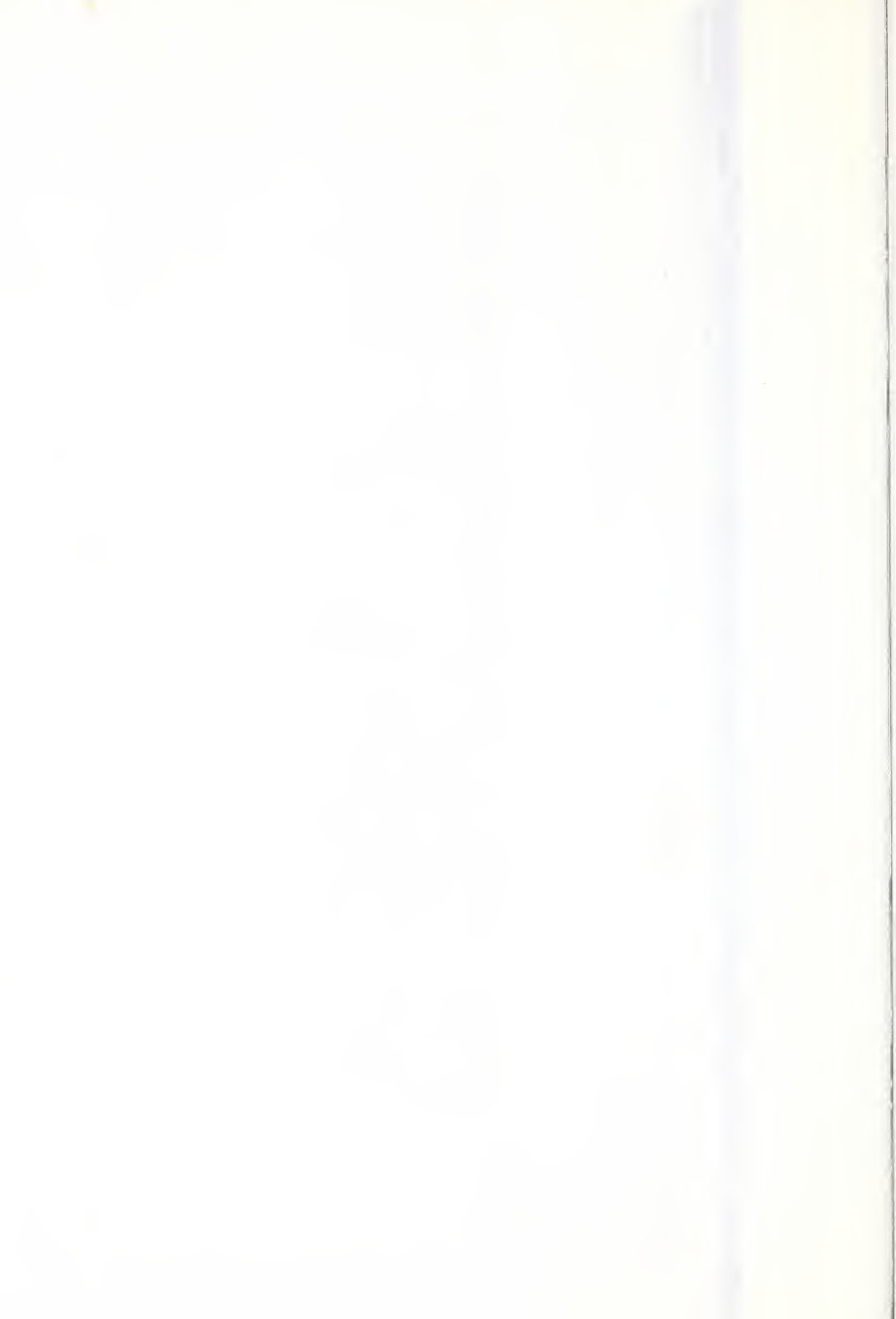
He broke some laws, and for that cause
 Was wronged, at Worcester, some;
 With knife or shears, they cropped his ears,
 And never sent them home;
 So every day he lived grew sadder,
 For he was deaf as an old adder.

We might, perhaps, were we to search,
 Find remnants now of that old church
 Which stood upon or near this spot,
 And which can never be forgot
 By us, who in our youthful days,
 Oft listened there to songs of praise,
 And to the voice of him who came
 To speak to us in Jesus' name.
 We see it *now*, with memory's eye,
 The old square *pews*, the *galleries* high,
 The *sounding-board* above the head
 Of the old parson, it was said
 To give his voice a fuller sound,
 And through the audience send it round.
 Those who have reached three score and ten
 Can pretty well remember when,
 Beside that church, a great elm tree
 Stood, clothed in verdant majesty,
 'Neath which our aged fathers sat
 On Sunday noons, in friendly chat,
 "And talked of *this* and then of *that*,"
 While we, poor little barefoot sinners,
 Stood by, and ate our Sunday dinners,
 And listened, with wide open ears,
 To hear them talk of former years.
 We had no Sabbath schools that day,
 Yet, we were not allowed to play.
 Whene'er a troop of naughty boys
 About the common made a noise,
 'Twas sure to start a titling man,
 At sight of whom the boys all ran
 Like sheep when wolves are on their track,
 And looked as sheepish, coming back.

Perhaps, there's no one thing in town
 That's *changed* so little, going down



The tide of time, as that old clock,
The town has held as common stock.
The same old clock that's ticking now,
With not a wrinkle on its brow,
We listened to in early youth;
And, though we knew it told the truth,
It vexed us some, in our school days,
When, all absorbed in boyish plays,
It put a stop to all our fun,
When at its height, by striking one—
The same as saying "school's begun."
Sometimes, like a rebellious youth,
It has refused to tell the truth,
And stopped, and pouted for a while,
Refusing e'en to speak or smile.
But, managed by a skillful hand,
Repentant, would forsake that stand,
And, as a lad well trained, was clever,
And went along as well as ever.
While many years have flitted by,
That clock, upon the belfry, high,
Has ruled with most despotic sway,
For lesser clocks must all obey;
And watches, too, must be pulled out,
And have their fingers turned about;
But this, perhaps, was not so bad,
For, doubtless, there's been many a lad,
With the best watch he ever had,
Who couldn't tell the time of day
Had that old clock been but away.
That's told us fifty years, and more,
What we knew pretty well before,
How fast the moments flit away,
Amid the duties of the day;
And rapped its knuckles on the bell,
The silent hours of night to tell.
It never stirs a leaf or willow,
But pricks our ears upon the pillow,
And bids us ope' our drowsy eyes,
And to our morning duties rise.
'Tis rather hard some wintry mornings
To heed the fellow's faithful warnings,
Drive off night visions from the head,
And jump, at once, right out of bed;
But, ere our work is done at night
We feel that the old clock was right.
We love that clock;—it's held its station,
And ticked away one generation,
And ticking there will doubtless stand,



When we are in the spirit land,
To-day, as we who're old look back
Along the nineteenth century's track,
How few who started on the race
With us, are found about this place.
Some few to other parts have gone,
But many to the world unknown.
There's, here and there, a hoary head,
Of whom it may be truly said,
They stand like some old forest oak,
With head declining, branches broke,
Amid a host of younger trees,
All proudly waving in the breeze.
The aged oak, once green and fair,
But now of foliage stript, and bare,
Is fast descending to the ground,
Where little saplings lie all round.
And such is life,—the weak, the strong,
Are falling like the trees, along
The track of time, whose restless wave
Has borne its millions to the grave;
And will roll on till millions more
Are landed on th' eternal shore.

Now let us look beyond this place,
And mark the progress of our race;
And see what human art has done
Since this last century began.
Progress has marked the present age,
At every step,—through every stage:
Progress in science, and in arts,
The very life blood, that imparts
The thrift and vigor to the land,
That we behold on every hand.

Some half a century ago,
We had no iron horse, you know,
Nor any locomotive power
To drag us thirty miles an hour.
Nor would you see a tiny wire,
Upon some poles a little higher,
Perhaps, than any tall man's head,
Down which the sparks of lightning sped
To carry tidings to a friend
Who chanced to be at t'other end.
Of old time, when they carried news,
They had two ways 'twixt which to choose:
To run on foot, or go horseback
Along the winding forest track;



But now words go on wings of wind
As rapid as the flight of mind.

The *greatest* wonder of the age
Will now be found on history's page
For eighteen hundred sixty-six,—
When first the bold adventurers fix
The Atlantic cable, sure and strong,
And send their messages along
The fathomless and mighty deep,
Where fish in countless millions sleep.

'Tis said improvements will go on,
And more, and greater things, be done
Before the next half century's past
Than those we witnessed in the last.
If so, then we shall fly through space,
Like morning sunbeams on a race,
For *cars* now carry us so fast,
We hardly know where we were last;
And Europe and America
Can talk together any day;
And words across the ocean find
Their way almost as quick as mind.
'Tis doubtful whether man e'er will,
With all his deep artistic skill
And great inventive powers, be able
To run before the Atlantic *cable*
If he outruns the iron *horse*
By any new propelling force.

Among the wonders of the past,
The temperance movements may be classed.
When men the great discovery made,
That rum was not, as had been said,
The necessary staff of life,
But fraught with death, disease and strife,—
'Twas then the power of moral suasion
Was tried on every fit occasion,
And did more good than all the laws
In rearing up the temperance cause.
The pledge was taken, and did save
It's thousands from the drunkard's grave;
And some, "restored to hope," again,
Now rank among the best of men.
To-day we need that moral power
To meet the crisis of the hour.
We've trusted statute law in vain—
The tide is rolling back again,



And to arrest its fearful course
It must be met with moral force.

Now, at the *'isms* of the past
One look—"not longing look"—we cast,
For men have strutted on the stage
Who brought disgrace upon the age.
Some *'isms* have sprung up forthwith,
But *Mormonism*, led by Smith,
Sprung up at first, a feeble shoot,
Not finding soil in which to root.
Its life was doubtful for a time,
But, finding a congenial clime,
And soil in which its roots would take,
It pitched its tent around *Salt Lake*.
There it has flourished,—gone to seed,
And like some noxious, poisonous weed,
Is *now*, with pestilential breath
Dispensing sorrow, sin and death;
And, with a bold and daring hand,
Defies the power that rules the land.
And yet, we fear, there are among
These silly dupes of Brigham Young,
Some townsmen, whom we've often met,
And have friends here who love them yet.

Some less than forty years ago,
One Miller started up, you know,
To be a prophet, and explain
What was,—what is,—and must remain
A deep,—a hidden secret,—known
To the omniscient *God alone*.
In eighteen hundred forty-three,
He said the end of time should be,
And earth and man would be no more
Before the dawn of forty-four.
Well, some believed, and trembled, too,
And many round the prophet drew,
With pinions plumed to mount the skies
Whene'er the flames were seen to rise.

Yet forty-three and, forty-four,
And even twenty-three years more
Have come,—have lingered,—and are gone,
And still the sphere is rolling on,
And time grows older every day,
Yet shows no symptoms of decay,
While Miller sleeps beneath the sod,
With those who lived before the flood.



If what the poet said was true,
 And *I* believe it—(so do *you*)
 "Aspiring to be *Gods*, if Angels fell
 Aspiring to be *Angels*, *men* rebel."

Our modern spiritualists have said
 That spirits came up from the dead;
 And though no mortal eye perceived 'em
 And none but simple ones believed 'em,
 They tipp'd the tables, moved the chairs,
 And put on quite fantastic airs,
 First came the soft and gentle tappings,
 And presently the *loud-r* rattlings,
 And soon they'd answer *yes* or *no*,
 Just as the listeners *wished* them to;
 Then tell about the spirit land,
 Inform us in what sphere they stand,
 Tell who's above them, who below,
 And where departed spirits go.
 And when you asked them,—(nothing daunted)
 The answer'd come, just what you wanted.
 And thus in various ways 'twas said,
 Some held communion with the dead;
 And this was managed with such tact
 That many thought it was a fact.
 As by their footprints on the way,
 We trace the '*isms*' of the day,
 We find, alas, among the many,
Sectarianism, bad as any.
 This last has stamped upon our race,
 And on our *churches*, foul disgrace.
 The truth of God has been abused,
 And Christian intercourse refused,
 Till *clarity*, that Heavenly grace,
 Has sought from *shame* a hiding place;
 But, in *this town*, we're *proud* to say
 That spirit does not reign to-day.

Here are three churches, and we meet,
 Each Sabbath day upon the 'street,
 Some going up, and others down,
 From every portion of the town,
 Each to his cherished house of prayer,
 To join with those who worship there;
 And yet none ever stop to say
 To those they meet, "you've lost your way;
 There is but one *true church*, you see,—
 Come, turn about, and go with me."
Here, all may keep God's holy day,



And worship in their chosen way.
 Now, *this* is right, for Christians should,
 Like travelers in a lonely wood,
 Pursue the path each thinks will best
 Conduct him to his promised rest.
 If travelers to some distant land,
 Each with his title deed in hand,
 Securing each a happy home
 When to their journey's end they come,
 Should stop to quarrel by the way,
 And make no progress through the day,
 Because *each* had a different route,
 When *either* path would lead them out,
 'Twould prove that selfishness and sin
 Were yet the ruling powers within.
 But *what*, we ask, do Christians less,
 While passing through life's wilderness?
 All have one *compass*, all one *chart*,
 From which they never need depart;
 All have one *object*, too, in view,
 A happy *home* when they are through.
 One *faith*, one *hope* inspires them all
 If they are *Christ's*, and yet they fall
 To judging, without mercy, those
 Who, e'er so honestly, oppose.

Oh, when will Christians cease their strife,
 And only try to sweeten life
 With kindness, gentleness and love,
 Like that descending from above,—
 First pure, then peaceful, gentle, kind,—
 The love that moved the eternal mind
 To give his own beloved son,
 To die for deeds that we had done.
 Is Christ divided?—can it be—
 That God's *own children* disagree,
 Fall out, dispute and *quarrel* even,
 While traveling on the road to Heaven?
 At different altars we may bow,
 And worship as we choose to, now,
 But this can never make it right
 To disagree, dispute, or fight.

Since this old township took its name,
 Which, for a century's been the same,
 Three direful wars have drenched the land
 With blood and tears, on every hand;
 And Hubbardston has had its share
 Of all these dreadful woes, to bear.



Our fathers threw off England's yoke,
And from colonial bondage broke;
And, in a time that tried men's souls
Attained the power that still controls
The destinies of this great nation,
That ranks so high in wealth and station.
Peace came,—but soon another war
With our old mother,—bloodier far,
Broke out, and madly raged awhile;
But peace, with her benignant smile,
Dispell'd the clouds, dried up the tears,
And reigned again for many years.
Again, in eighteen sixty-one,
A fearful *civil* war begun,
That, like a mighty sweeping flood,
Drenched all this goodly land with blood.
When honored fathers, brothers, sons,
And dearly loved and cherished ones,
By *tens of thousands*, had been slain,
Peace smiled upon the land again,
And with the dawn of sixty-five
The nation's drooping hopes revive.
But as the spring in beauty opes,
And all are buoyant with new hopes,
A sudden gloom comes o'er the land,
When, by the bold assassin's hand,
The man at helm, who'd steer'd so well
And was so loved and honored,—fell.
Then grief and mourning settled o'er
This mighty land,—not known before;
For, worst of all, the government,
By party broils, in twain was rent,
And patriots, with a tearful eye,
Beheld the clouds that veiled the sky,
Which, by their wild and angry form
Seemed to forebode a coming storm.

We see these clouds *still* hovering round,
And hear the thunder's distant sound.
From north to south,—from east to west,
One *firebrand*, more than all the rest,
Shines up the clouds with horrid glare,
As if a fire was kindling there,
That in one general conflagration,
Would yet involve this mighty nation.
The reconstruction of the States
'Twould seem was destined, by the fates,
To spread the conflagration more
Than Samson's foxes did of yore,—



Who, with a firebrand to each tail,
 Ran through the corn and down the vale,
 And filled with horror and dismay,
 The poor Philistines of that day.
 The *rebel States* are *firebrands* now
 That set the country all aglow,
 And sparks of the secession brand
 Are kindling up all o'er the land,
 And, what our future is to be
 No mortal man can yet foresee.

We meddle not with politics.
 Of parties, or of party tricks,
 We here have not a word to say;
 'Tis not the time, the place, the day,
 To bring up themes of any kind
 That so distract the public mind.
 We much regret the party strife
 Which through the land is now so rife;
 That *spirit's* wrong, but we persist
 'Tis well that *parties* do exist;
 They are a check to those in power,
 Without which, in some evil hour,
 They might incline to go astray,
 Or wander far from the right way,
 And governments as good as ours
 Claim more than delegated powers.
 Without the check that parties hold,
 The men in office might grow bold,
 And despotism have a birth
 On this most favored spot of earth.

If party spirit is a curse,
 That of mad speculation's worse,
 That's now so rampant in the land,
 And seen, and felt on every hand.
 Once we could traffic with the great
 Producing lands by paying freight,
 And sugar, cotton, flour and rice
 Were had at the producer's price.
 Now speculators, cash in hand,
 Are roaming up and down the land
 To seize on all that comes their way,
 As hungry wolves pounce on their prey,
 And one, perhaps, sells to another
 Mean, swindling, speculating brother;
 And thus things go from hand to hand
 Until the poor consumers stand
 In want,—and are compelled to buy,



Though prices may be twice as high
 As e'er they should, or would have been
 But for these speculating men.
 Call politicians what you please,—
 They're honest men, compared with these.

To our friends from abroad, permit me to say,
 We welcome you here, most gladly, to-day.
 On this great occasion, 'tis joyous to meet
 The sons of old Hubbardston on the old street,
 Where often we've met in youth's sunny days
 At meeting,—at school,—and in frolicsome plays.
 If 'tis not so now, the place of our birth
 In *childhood's* the dearest of any on earth;
 And even in *manhood*, it's never forgot;
 We always remember and cherish the spot
 Where loved ones watched o'er us in our helpless hours,
 And where we first lingered among the sweet flowers.

There is one pleasant feature about our old place,
 That e'en to be proud of would be no disgrace,—
 If we travel New England all through, up or down,
 We find but few places, perhaps, not a town,
 Where less aristocracy is to be found,
 Or more democratic feelings abound.
 There's little of *caste*;—the rich and the poor
 Have access alike to every man's door.
 If we look at the present or past, we shall find
 That Hubbardston people are friendly and kind.
 As a general thing, for the last hundred years,
 They've regarded, and treated their neighbors as peers.
 If any grew haughty,—if rich, young or old,
 They soon found themselves "left out in the cold."
 If they took a position above their true place,
 They met with no favor, but rather disgrace.
 We have no religious dissensions of note;
 The ladies don't grumble because they can't vote;
 And at all the social gatherings we find,
 All classes can mingle with one heart and mind.
 We hope it will be so for long years to come,
 When we are forgotten, at this our old home.

Although your new homes may be far away,
 We rejoice that we've been permitted, to-day,
 To meet you, as oftime we've met you before,
 And sit at the table together once more.
 And when you return to the place you love best,
 Be it far to the east, or the south, or the west,
 We hope you'll be happy for long years to come
 On the spot you've adopted as your second home.



If our homes lie far distant, our country's the same,
 And alike we rejoice in her glory and fame.
 We all love that country, though much we deplore
 The storms of dissension that howl at her door;
 And we'd have every plague-spot that rests on her now
 Wiped off, and forever, from her noble brow.
 We would have the monuments reared to her sons,
 Her heroes of old time, and more recent ones,
 Stand up in their glory, till marble shall rust,
 And granite, through age, shall crumble to dust.
 Now that most unnatural of all wars is o'er,
 And the blood of her sons is streaming no more,
 Now she is *de facto*, the land of the free,
 The model of nations, that she's claimed to be,
 Now bodies and souls are not bartered for gold,
 Nor husbands and wives at the auction block sold,
 We would this great country, from th' Pacific to Maine,
 Might all be united and happy again.
 That a spirit of concord and love might shine forth
 Through the east and the west, the south and the north;
 And a union of states be cemented once more,
 More perfect and happy than ever before.

If only she's freed from her *internal* foes,
 We may hope for our country a lasting repose.

Now, soon, dear friends, this meeting ends,
 Our last, perhaps, on earth;
 Some leave, to-day, for homes away,
 Far from their place of birth.
 The parting word,—the last farewell
 Is one that makes the bosom swell.

Yet, as we part, each throbbing heart,
 With thoughts of home will beat,
 For many here have homes now dear,
 And friends they hope to meet,
 Far from this old, long-cherished spot,
 Though *this* can never be forgot.

Those leave to-day,—while others stay,
 Still lingering in the arms
 Of our old mother, for no other
 Has yet possessed her charms
 For those, who, from their childhood up,
 Have sipp'd their life-blood from her cup.

There's now a vacant lot,
 In some old burial spot,
 That waits for you and me;



For time, that rolls along,
Bears on its current strong,
Such slender barks as we,
To sink them in that endless deep,
Where now, such countless millions sleep.

Yet, there's a home above,
Of pure, undying love,
Where friends may meet once more.
May we, and every son
Of good old Hubbardston,
When this short life is o'er,
Be borne to that delightful home,
Where parting seasons never come.



PROCEEDINGS AND EXERCISES.

At a legal town meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Hubbardston, held on the 2nd day of April, 1866, a committee consisting of Wm. Bennett, Elisha Woodward, Levi Peirce, Henry Prentiss, and Aaron Greenwood were chosen to take into consideration the propriety of holding a Centennial Celebration, when the one hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the town should arrive.

At a subsequent meeting, held Nov. 6th, of that year, the Committee made their report, recommending that a day on or about the 13th of June, A. D. 1867, be set apart and observed as a Centennial Celebration, in accordance with the customs of the times in the vicinity. And also recommended that a Committee of Arrangements, and other necessary committees be appointed, and an appropriation of three hundred dollars be made to defray the expenses of procuring an historical address to be delivered on that occasion, and the publication of that address, and other statistics and historical information connected therewith.

And the Town voted to accept and adopt the report, and thereupon chose Levi Peirce, Elisha Woodward, William Bennett, Lyman Woodward, and T. Sibley Heald, as the Committee of Arrangements, and entrusted them with the entire subject.

This Committee soon after held a meeting and took into consideration the subject, and deeming it advisable to have a larger Committee, directed their Chairman to call an informal meeting of the citizens of the town, to consider the propriety of enlarging the Committee. A call for this meeting was issued by the Chairman, and at the time appointed for the meeting a large number of persons assembled, and much interest was manifested. The Chairman stated the object of the meeting, and after remarks had been made by several other gentlemen, it was decided to add six more names to the Committee.

And thereupon Wm. G. Clark, Abel Howe, Horace Underwood, Spencer Prentiss, Luke Williams, Jr., and Moses C. Wheeler, were placed upon the Committee of Arrangements.

The Committee continued to hold meetings by adjournment from time to time till June 12th, when they adjourned *sine die*, to be called together again at such time as the Chairman should appoint.

At these meetings the Committee took measures to secure an Address and Poem, and having engaged a Caterer, and made such other arrange-



ments as they deemed necessary, selected the following gentlemen as Officers of the Day :—

President, LEVI PEIRCE.

Vice Presidents, Col. MOSES WAITE,*

Dr. MOSES PHELPS, †

Capt. EBENEZER STOW, ‡

MOSES C. WHEELER, } §

OREN MAREAN, }

ABEL HOWE, }

To which were afterwards added nearly all the aged gentleman in the town.

Chief Marshal, LYMAN WOODWARD.

Assistant Marshals, WM. H. WHITTEMORE, F. P. MORSE, R. H. WAITE,
and ASA H. CHURCH.

The School children to be marshaled by the School Committee.

Toast Master, J. C. GLEASON.

Chaplain, Rev. I. B. BIGELOW.

The day preceding the Celebration was remarkably fine, and life and animation pervaded our village. Two spacious tents had been erected on our Common, under one of which the exercises before dinner were to be performed, and under the other, the dinner, poems, sentiments, responses, and other exercises were to come off. A broad arch spanned the street midway, bearing a hearty welcome to all the returning sons and daughters of *old Hubbardston*, supported by a smaller arch on each side, spanning the sidewalks, crowned with appropriate devices and mottoes. All the dwellings along upon Main Street were tastefully decorated, and the preparations for the coming day seemed complete.

As the sun descended to the west that afternoon it was obscured by clouds, and the evening betokened an approaching storm, so that many of our citizens retired that night with feelings of despondency, lest the festivities of the coming day should be interrupted by the state of the weather ; but a slight sprinkle of rain during the evening had the effect of laying the dust, and rendering the air more salubrious. But as morning dawned, the clouds had departed, and it was emphatically "a morning with clouds."

The sun rose in all its splendor and shone forth upon an unclouded sky, and green fields and meadows, and upon the full foliage of our woodlands and beautiful shade trees. And as the sun made his appearance above the horizon, he was greeted with one hundred reports from the open mouth of the cannon, and the chiming music of our village church bells.

The town was resplendent with flags and evergreens, and everything smiling, as if it had put on its holiday attire, and was extending the

* One of the Selectmen first in 1814, Representative in 1830, and now in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

† One of the selectmen in 1818, Representative in 1833, and now in the eighty-second year of his age.

‡ One of the Selectmen in 1821, and now in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

§ The present Board of Selectmen.



right hand of fellowship and welcoming all to the paternal mansion. At an early hour in the morning groups of little children were seen upon all the roads entering the village, in vehicles and on foot, hurrying towards the centre of attraction. And the *little* children were not alone in their glee, but *children* of a larger growth joined in the general throng. And the hoary headed, upon whose brows the snows of more than fourscore years had fallen, and had bleached their thin locks to the hue of the drifted snow, and who were now leaning on crutches and staffs, were also making haste to join in the gathering, and persons of all ages and conditions met on one common level and extended the hand of friendship, accompanied with words of welcome to their brothers and cousins, who were now pouring in from the surrounding towns.

At about 9 o'clock in the morning the children, under the lead of Horace Underwood, formed in procession near the Star Hotel, and preceded by the Hubbardston Brass Band marched to the Unitarian Church, where they were addressed by Rev. C. W. Allen, Rev. J. M. Stowe, Rev. G. W. Phillips, and others. After the addresses, which were well received by the children, the procession was again formed as before, and marched to Mechanics Hall, where a bountiful supply of refreshments had been provided, and they were then left to enjoy themselves to the best of their ability.

At about 11 o'clock, A. M., the grand procession formed on the Common, under the lead of the Chief Marshal, Capt. Lyman Woodward, in the following order:—

The Asnaconomic Lodge of Good Templars.

Hubbardston Brass Band.

The President of the Day, Orator, and Chaplain.

Vice Presidents.

The Committee of Arrangements.

The Rev. Clergy, Invited Guests, and Representatives of the Press.

Citizens of Rutland, Barre, Princeton, and Oakham.

Citizens of other Towns.

Citizens of Hubbardston.

The procession passed through the village beneath the beautiful shade trees on the easterly side of Main Street, and returned on the westerly side of the street, and entered the Grand Pavilion, on the westerly side of the Common, where as many of the audience as could be accommodated with seats were thus provided for, while the remainder stood.

The exercises in the tent were, first, Music by the Band; Reading of the following selection of the Scriptures by Rev. S. Saltmarsh of Dorchester:—

Give ear, O my people to my law; incline your ears to the words of my mouth.
I will utter dark sayings of old which we have heard and known and our fathers have told us.

We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that He hath



done. For He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children; that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the words of God, but keep his commandments.

O God of hosts, look down from heaven, and behold and visit this vine, and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth.

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

Seeing we also are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us: looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the power of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

The President then rose and addressed the assembly as follows:—

FELLOW CITIZENS,—I congratulate you upon the auspices of this interesting occasion. All nature seems to have arrayed herself in her richest livery to welcome in this momentous event.

The earth drops sweetness all around

And all the air is balm.

Friends, former residents of the town, in behalf of the citizens I bid you welcome back to the old homestead. These rock-bound hills, these green valleys, these meandering streams, all tend to bring vividly before your minds scenes in your childhood days, when you chased the butterfly, and gathered lilies on yonder meadows, or built miniature mill-dams on the little pools of water upon their margin. Though you have been separated from us by many a mile and long, be assured that you have always been missed at home. Oft in the still night, and in our more waking hours, the remembrance of some loved and absent friend far away, would, in spite of nature's effort, cause the tear to unbidden fall, but thanks to a kind Providence that so many of our friends have been preserved, and enabled to come up hither, to mingle their congratulations with ours on this our natal birthday. I bid you thrice welcome to the festivities of this occasion.

The song "Home Again," by the choir.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

The following original Hymn was read by Rev. S. Saltmarsh, and sung by the choir:

Since Hubbardston first took its name,
An hundred years have passed away,
And here from distant homes we came,
To celebrate her first birthday.



We're here because this sacred spot,
 The *old homestead* that gave us birth,
 If left can never be forgot,
 'Mid all the changing scenes of earth.

While friendly greetings we extend,
 And tears of joy unbidden fall,
 Let songs of *Praise* to Him ascend,
 Whose mercy has sustained us all.

As we look back with mem'ry's eye,
 And mark the progress of our race,
 We feel that blessings from on high,
 Have long been showered upon the place.

And may a *holy*, hallowed thought,
 Inspire and cheer each throbbing breast,
 As we in sadness view the spot
 Where those old Pilgrim Fathers rest.

Then let us praise our father's God,
 Who led them here when all was new,
 Who smoothed the rugged path they trod,
 And watched them all life's journey through.

After the conclusion of the hymn, Rev. J. M. Stowe, the Orator of the day, was introduced by the President, and for two hours received the undivided attention of the entire audience.

The address was delivered in a bold, firm, clear, and manly tone, and save that the speaker was occasionally interrupted by bursts of applause, silence reigned, and the closest attention was given till the close.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. G. W. Phillips of Haydenville.

The assembly now immediately repaired to the other tent, where the dinner was waiting. After that had been dispatched the Poem was read by Horace Underwood. The President then called for the first regular sentiment, which was announced by the Toast Master as follows:—

1. Old Hubbardston; old as a hundred years, yet never so young as to-day! The blessings we to-day possess and enjoy are due to the prudence, perseverance, and patriotism of our Fathers and Mothers. May we ever keep green their memory, press on in the path of progress, and stand as true and firm as her everlasting hills.

This sentiment was briefly responded to by Wm. Bennett, who related several of the acts and doings of the first settlers of the town, showing their liberal appropriations for educational purposes, and public improvements; claiming that these were evidences of their perseverance and patriotism; and that when these appropriations were withheld it



was the result of prudence and not parsimony; and that we had reason to be proud of their record.

2. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

As a response to this sentiment the following letter from His Excellency ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK, Governor of the Commonwealth, in reply to an invitation extended to him to favor us with his presence on this occasion, was read by Lyman Woodward, Esq.:—

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, June 5th, 1867. }

MY DEAR SIR.—I acknowledge with high gratification your esteemed favor of the twenty-ninth of May, in which you honor me by an invitation to be present with my fellow citizens of Hubbardston on the thirteenth of the present month in observing the centennial celebration of the history of the town.

I would that I might come to your joyous holiday, but other and previous appointments of official duty will keep me away.

This I especially regret, for I claim the honor of affinity, at least of neighborhood, with the good and ancient town of Hubbardston. My own native town of Royalston, in our common county of Worcester, separated from yours only by the lines of one intervening municipality, was settled and incorporated almost simultaneously with your own. The two towns have gone together from the first start to the last goal. Let me take pride in the thought that Hubbardston and Royalston have been joined by one common tie in the periods of colonization, of incorporation, of community in all the wars of the country, and of the present sublime opening to the future grandeur of our beloved Union.

With these reminiscences of the mutual relations of your town with mine, I conclude by asking you to accept as my sentiment,

Hubbardston, Royalston, Worcester North,—All bound together in the ties of a common and simultaneous beginning, and of a common and indivisible destiny.

I remain, my dear sir, with the cordiality of a son of old Worcester County,

Your Obedient Servant,

ALEX. H. BULLOCK.

LYMAN WOODWARD, Esq.,

For the Committee, &c., &c., for Hubbardston
Celebration, Hubbardston, Mass.

3. Old Hubbardston,—Our birthplace.

That Hubbardston, our place of birth,
The only home we've known on earth,
May stand upon the roll of fame
Without one blot upon her name;
That they who bear life's burdens now,
And show no wrinkles on the brow,
May all be true and loyal ones;
And that their daughters and their sons



May grow up virtuous, true, and fair,
Will ever be the *old folks'* daily prayer.

To which J. C. Gleason responded as follows:—

It is with peculiar feelings of grateful emotion that I, in behalf of the young men and women here to-day, attempt to reply to this generous prayer of the old folks.

Gathered as we have to-day from different points, to celebrate the natal hour of this good old town, the home and birthplace of those so near and dear to us, while we love to look upon these hills so old and so beautiful, these vales so attractive in their quietness and fertility, and to revisit the scenes of childhood and youth, the haunts of our boyish sports and innocent games, and it all enkindles the liveliest sentiments within our hearts,—sentiments of joy and of pride,—still our greatest joy to-day consists in recounting the acts of those whose names are so interwoven with the interests of the town, in its history of these hundred years, in meeting and seeing again so many of them, and whom we may call by the endearing name of *fathers* and *mothers*. It is they whom we love to honor and remember in all places with the greatest regard and with the pride of true sonship.

To-day, in the sentiment now read, they have uttered the fond petition of their hearts,—their noble aspirations for their children. And we can appreciate, as we hope, its meaning. To us who are ready to enter upon the conflicts of life, and to those who have already seen some years of arduous toil in the varied fields of industry and business, these cheering words from home, these true and generous impulses of those ever dear, become the strongest incentives to action, the most powerful appeals to do and to dare.

We need it all, and the power of *human* praise even, cannot be too fully estimated. Like a galvanic current it sometimes sends new life and energy into every nerve and tissue of our organization, enkindling anew the loftiest ambitions, and inspiring to the greatest and most heroic deeds. Some years ago, in the metropolis of the old world, during a conflagration which devastated a large part of one of its principal streets, a flaming splinter was borne by the wind and caught on the spire of the church of St. Peter's.

To save that costly edifice becomes now the object of many a heart. How shall it be done. At length, after much delay, a sailor runs up from the crowded throng, and is soon seen climbing, with fearless energy, the lightning rod, while the multitude below are gazing in breathless admiration. He ascends with wonderful celerity until, when the flaming brand is almost within his reach, his strength fails, the hopes of the vast throng of spectators seem destined to be disappointed, when, happening to be near the scene, the elder Booth, the great tragedian, well knowing the magic power of that influence, jumps upon a loaded dray, shouting "Cheer him, cheer him," and as "three times three" ascend from the vast number below, new strength pervades the hero, he mounts yet higher, extinguishes the flame, and descends in triumph to receive the congratulations of the thousands about him. Thus was the cathedral of St. Peter's saved, and *such*, too, is the power of human praise.

We thank you for it, and our effort will ever be to prove worthy of it.

We have often heard the regret expressed that so many of the young men, and especially those of energy and talent, leave their native town, elsewhere to seek their fortunes and make their homes.



To this we need only reply, it is but natural. Just as, in obedience to the law of gravity, water will run down hill, so, to-day, the direction of the business energy and capital is towards those places most accessible and best adapted by nature to become centres of trade and industrial interests.

Let, then, your young men go where they can best display their energies and develop their talents. In this way, will they most honor the place of their birth. Your pride shall be that your town *has sent* so many away to win laurels for her. Like the old New Hampshire farmer who, when asked, "What do you raise up here among these rocks and hills?" replied "*Men*, sir, men who are known all over the land for their character and influence;" so you, if need be, may remember that *men* are the noblest product of any soil, that the lessons of thrift and industry and virtue which the youth in these hilly, quiet towns are getting will not be in vain.

What we need everywhere is men with vigorous bodies, healthy brains and sound morals. A man is a better citizen and a truer Christian who has a healthy organization. The men and women raised in these hilly towns of Massachusetts are the pride and honor of our State. They could never have become such as they are, deprived of the pure bracing air and healthful discipline of their early homes.

And it is so universally. I once counted from a single hill top in a township of Litchfield Co., Conn., the birthplaces of no less than *four* College Presidents, one Governor, and one U. S. Senator.

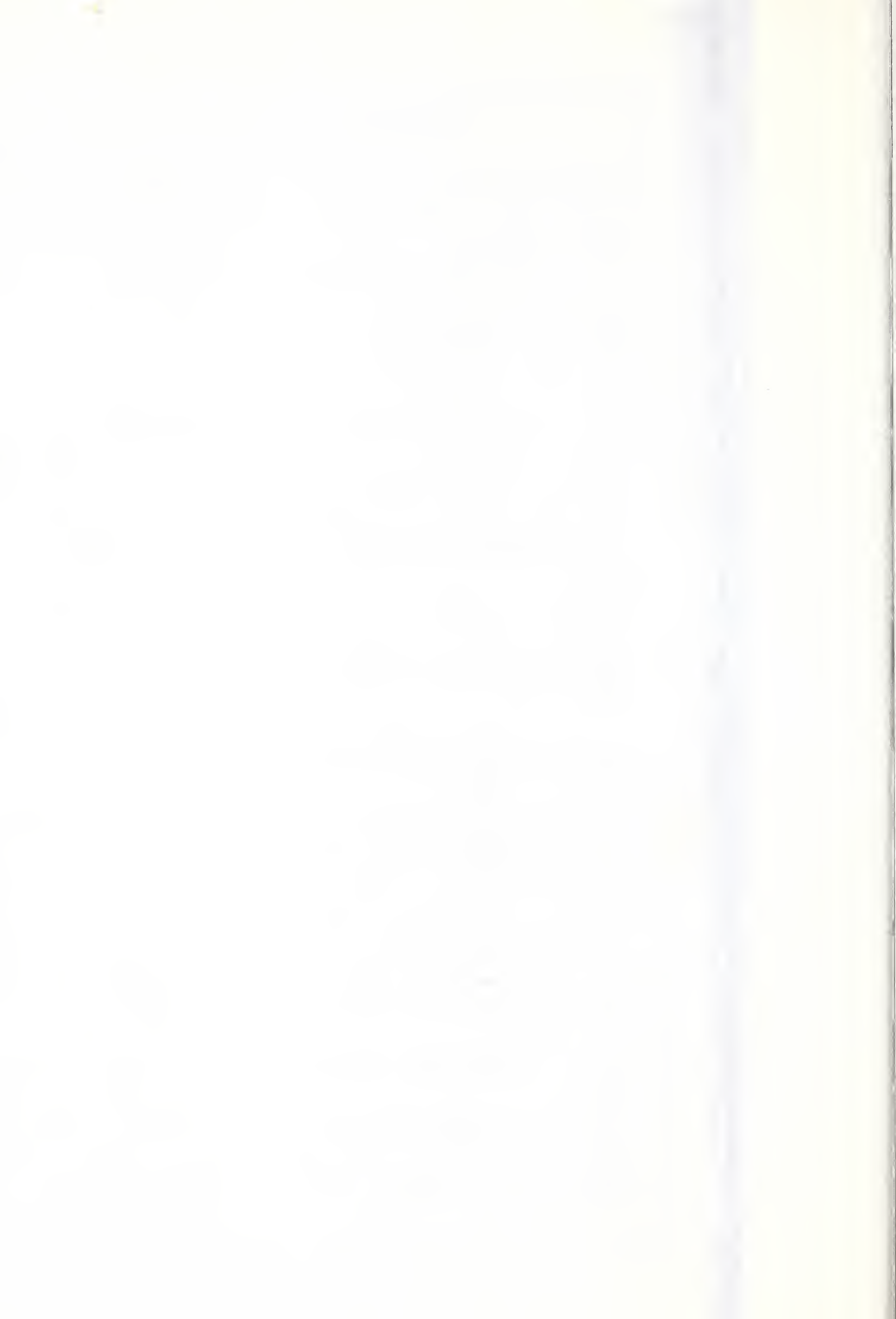
Give your young first a healthy physical development, and afterwards a sound intellectual and moral training, and you will never need blush for their *course of life*.

Young friends, you and I, who to-day receive these many wishes for our future success, and who have enjoyed so richly of the fruits of our fathers' toil and sacrifice, have each a duty to do.

Life is a grand reality and consists in a multitude of little things. Every one *must* realize it if he would succeed. The *young* are the hope of every people, and around them centres the greatest interests and responsibilities. And none of us are too humble to do each his respective duty. We are not all called to the pulpit, the bar, the sick room or the platform, yet none can be exempt from duty. Men of *actions*, not *words*, bear rule to-day. To be honored *now*, a man must *do* something, and there is an *elegance of silence* which passes speech. Carlyle has written hundreds of pages, I had well nigh said a full volume, to prove it, while the most popular man on this continent at this hour, Gen. Grant, has most beautifully exemplified it in his own history, for he, a man of action, never made a speech in his life.

The conditions of success then are accessible to each individual, the inducements to apply them are great and cheering, and the rewards both sure and satisfying.

May, then, the fond wish of the fathers be in us most fully realized, that whatever else in the coming hundred years of the history of this town shall be written to her praise, not the least of all shall be the honor which her sons shall bring unto her, that *her* name and *her* glory may be ever brightening and beauteous to behold.



4. The Flag of our Country. Our Fathers set up this banner in the name of the Lord. Not one star has been erased, but, reversing the order of nature, new Stars are constantly rising in her Western horizon.

This sentiment was not responded to.

5. The past Residents of Hubbardston,—who have worked for us and with us in faithfulness. We appreciate their labors, and extend to them a renewed cordial greeting.

Rev. Seth Saltmarsh was now called upon, and responded as follows, to wit:—

MR. PRESIDENT:

There are few words, if any, that thrill the heart with more intensity than the word HOME: no place that is so sacred to every feeling, unselfish spirit.

The absent one, who has found a new place of rest and of labor, where he has gathered around him what is sweet and holy in life; where all his interests, business,—social and religious—seem to be centred, will, as his "*heart*, untraveled, fondly turns" to the place of his birth and of his early associations, pronounce the word with sacred tenderness, and cherish the desire to look upon it again; and when that desire has become fruition, when he returns to the home and scenes of his early days, how readily do all the events of former time pass before the eye of memory, with the risen ghosts of what was buried from his thought, and rehearse the drama of that early period of his life.

Undoubtedly, sir, on such a retrospect beneath the operation of the influences that revive the past personal history and that of contemporaries, there must be much of *sad* as of *pleasant* remembrances. Even the sweeter memories must be tinged with sadness, if for no other reason, that the associations have been broken by separations, and by *death*. Still we are glad to

"revive those times,

And in our memories keep green and fresh,
Like flowers in water, those earlier days,
When at our eyes, our souls kindled their mutual fires,
And linked and twined in one,
We knit our hearts together."

You do well, Mr. President, and friends, on an occasion like this, to remove with tender hand the moss and dust that have gathered upon the tombs of the fathers, and of all former generations during "the lapse of the century" of your town existence, to recount—as has been so well and wisely done to-day by your orator—their excellencies, while you recall defects,—to call up from the deep sea of what we *name oblivion*, the deeds and communings of the past,—to renew vows of love for the spot of mother earth where your eyes first opened upon the light,—consider well what the debt is you owe, and how you shall most faithfully repay it.

Next to the satisfaction and joy of returning to one's place of birth, the *home* of early days, and living over again in the brief period that may be given, the events of the past, is that which comes to him who returns, as at your kind bidding I have done to-day, to the place of his sojourning, where he found a *home*, and interwove into the web of life holy and pleasing associations.



It was my province, sir, to stand not as *settled minister*—in these days, to a large extent, a paradoxical expression—but in the position of provisional Pastor over one of your Christian Churches, for the space of twenty-seven months.

It was a period of uninterrupted peace, not only as regards intercourse with my own immediate friends, but with all the people of this town of my acquaintance,—of more than peace,—of affection and reciprocal kindly feeling; so that I come back to your pleasant town, not as a stranger, or “mere looker-on in Vienna,” but as a friend amongst friends, to receive, as I have, a large hospitality, and a fraternal greeting.

And this emboldens me to stand in what the occasion summons me to call this august presence, as it were with the eyes of a century looking upon us, amidst the hosts of the unseen and seen, to add a few words to those I have heretofore spoken.

Mr. President, as you stand here to-day reviewing the past,—as you recount in word or thought, the men of former time,—upon whom does memory most readily linger! Whose names are most ready upon your lips! Is it not of those whom you call *the good*? Were it not wise, then, for us to consider that we are writing *our history* for future generations to read,—that our children’s children will speak of us as we are, or *refuse to speak of us* because our memories are not what they should be, when they shall remove the moss and dust from *our* tombs, at the close of another century.

The prosperity of a people from the nation to the individual, depends upon moral status, not on wealth or outward seeming. A good, posthumous reputation, whether of person or a community, is a thing we may justly crave and labor for. You know me too well to think, for a moment, that I would urge you to the encouragement and planting of high moral ideas, for the sake of outward good, though, on that ground, one could say much.

The *Christian* idea is the only true one—“he that loseth his life shall keep it unto life *eternal*.” The performance of present duty, in the way and place of divine appointment, in an unselfish spirit, is the performance of duty to birth-place and brethren, and to coming generations.

We need no prophet’s eye to enable us to look into the future, to determine what seed we shall sow, so that the future fruits shall be adequate to that coming generation’s wants. Duty lies in present action, in self-denial, and sacrifice, and labor for present good, in training our children by example, and teaching them to live for the future good of all that shall succeed them, by living for the good of those around them.

* * * * *

The noble, strong, good, valiant, reliable minds and hearts and hands, are not those who received their nobility, or strength, or valor, or goodness, by descent, but those who, inspired by true ideas of greatness, and feeling that they were born of God, and endowed with power for good deeds, went out of themselves, and consecrated all to noble issues,—who, it may be, desired to live in the world’s esteem as Christ did in the memory of coming times, but remembered in all, the true foundation, and built on *that*.

6. The Orator and Poet of the day.

When Hubbardston has any favors to ask in their line, they will ever be found ready and willing to be *Stowe*.

To which the Rev. J. M. Stowe very humorously replied, which was



received with bursts of applause. The President then called upon Deacon Ephraim Stowe, and all that could have been said by the *son* to heighten the mirth and excitement, but was by him neglected, was added by the *father*, which emphatically "brought down the house."

7. Barre, Our right hand sister,—a fortress on our Western border. We know she will protect us, and yet we do not fear her, even though her *Woods* come towards us.

The President now called upon Edwin Woods, Esq., of Barre, whom it was expected would have been present, but Mr. W. did not respond. Whereupon the President said, "I see before me a gentleman from Concord, who though not claiming to be a native of Hubbardston, yet he united with one of our Churches more than thirty years ago, and although never a resident in our town, has ever since continued a consistent member, and endeared himself to all our Churches. I call upon Sampson Mason, Esq., * of Concord."

Mr. M. responded as follows:

A hundred years—a hundred years—have mingled with the past,
Since in this pleasant, rural town our fathers' lines were cast.
A hundred years—a hundred years—and this the natal day;
Of all that proud, ancestral race—our fathers—where are they?

Their children's children hither come, a jubilee to keep,
While their ancestral, patriarch sires rest from their toil, and sleep;
Not homes like these, or pleasant fields, for them were spread around,
But, on a howling wilderness Wachusett mountain frowned.

The wintry clouds hung darker then, and deeper fell the snow,
And stronger were the icy chains that checked the river's flow;
The hungry wolf, the savage bear, with lurking, stealthy tread,
Came prowling round those scattered homes, their terror and their dread.
And sad the legendary tale, narrated to our day,
How to these fierce intruders two children fell a prey.

Dense forests of primeval trees some new-made home concealed,
And only where its fire-side blazed, the curling smoke revealed.
Oft scantily the board was spread, and thin their homespun clothes,
A failing crop, or scanty yield, were added to their woes.

Their candle was the flaming knot, to light the little room,
As whirled the busy spinning wheel, or clatter went the loom;
The day's more active labors done in forest or in field,
Evening claimed some lighter task, ere sleep their eyelids sealed.
Anon these wilds were furrowed land, the forest felt the axe,
Our mothers made the dairy thrive, and spun the wool and flax.

* Husband of Mary Church.



A brighter day seemed dawning now, when care and fear should cease ;
 The herd were thriving in the stall, earth yielded her increase ;
 The church had gathered in her flock, the place of worship rose,
 Secluded 'midst surrounding hills did Hubbardston repose.

A term of many happy years seemed now to them secured,
 As a reward for all their toil, and hardship long endured.
 But as the ever shifting sand, or restless waters' flow,
 Unstable are our hopes of bliss, or happiness below.

Across Atlantic's surging waves, by cable then unspanned,
 Taxation and oppressive laws came from the mother-land.
 A stormy cloud was gathering now, it gloom and darkness spread ;
 But courage did not fail our sires,—hear what they did and said :

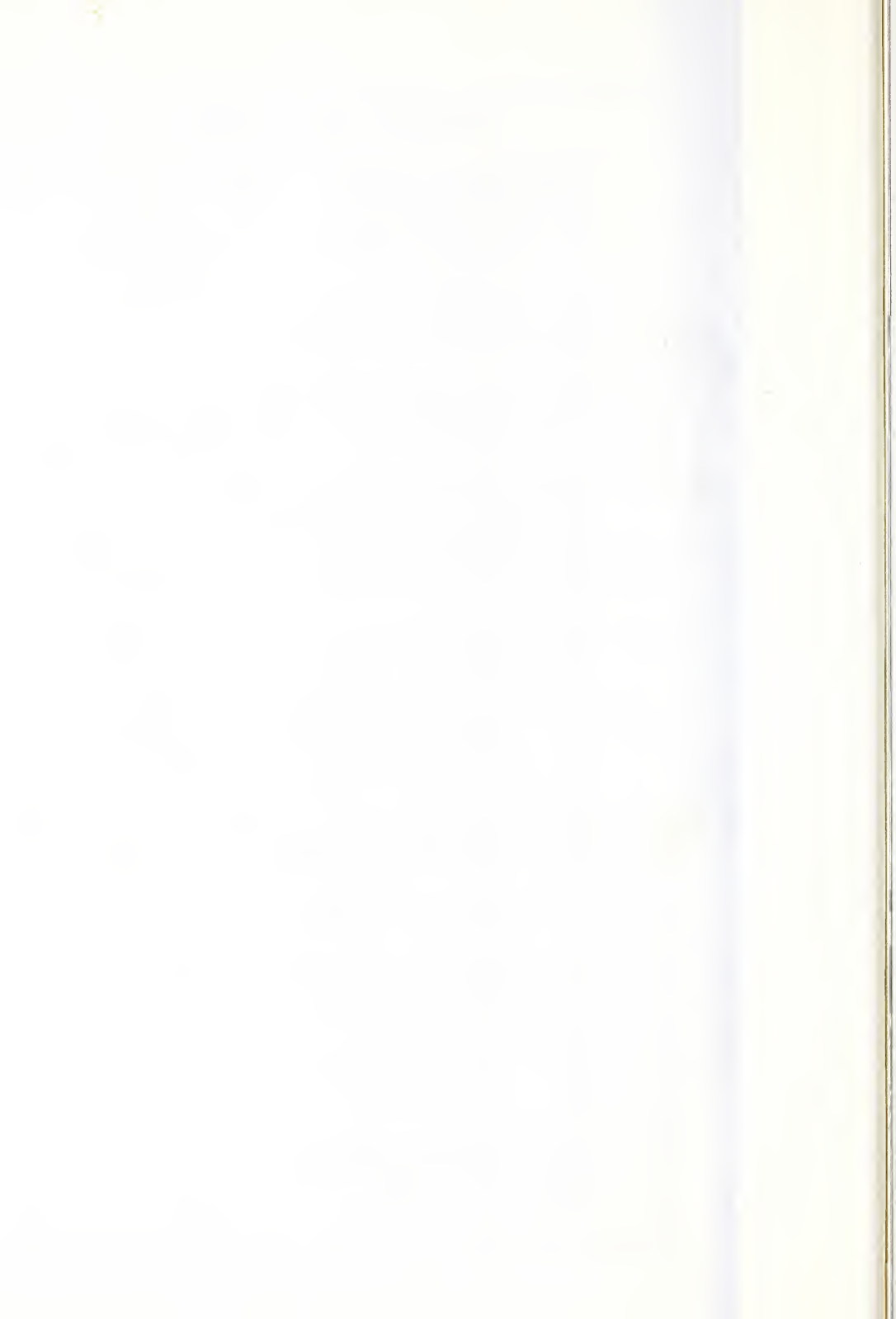
" Shall we submit, tamely submit, to those so far away ?
 Shall Tyranny or Freedom reign ; or freemen kings obey ?
 We've sought redress, craved milder laws, but sought and craved in vain ;
 All our petitions thus denied, one other course is plain.
 Our cause it is a righteous one, the country must be free,
 These wilds were cleared, these homesteads reared, and pledged to Liberty."

At length the threat'ning war cloud burst, the country needed men,
 Those new made homes, tho' rude—'twas hard to leave them then ;
 Yet they seized the well tried musket, the flask, and powder horn,
 Embraced their wives and children,—uncertain their return ;
 In haste they leave domestic scenes, the toils of war to share,
 The new made furrow half unturned, the plow left standing there.

Who now shall tend the flock and herd, or see to home affairs ?
 Our mothers, ah ! our mothers, a two-fold task was theirs,
 For they must spin and weave, perchance to plant or sow,
 And then the cradle must be rocked,—a hundred years ago ;
 For then, as now, infantile years required maternal care,
 Nor youth, nor age, nor home are blest if woman is not there.

Joy thrills each beating heart to-day, a quicker pulse is felt,
 As we revisit, once again, scenes where our fathers dwelt.
 The lands they cleared, the fields they tilled, the vale or hilly side,
 The straggling fence, the moss-grown wall, that field from field divide.
 The shady lane, the pond, the brook, the pathway to the door,
 All have a secret charm to-day, unknown, unfelt before.
 One other spot more dear than all, 'tis hallowed, holy ground ;
 Where'er in life our footsteps tend, to this the heart is bound.
 No breadth of land, or mountain height, or ocean's boundless wave,
 Can ever cause us to forget the mound that marks a grave.

A century of years their golden sands have well nigh run,
 Since the historic page of Hubbardston begun.
 Oh what a length of changing years for mortal to survey,
 While unto God's vast viewing eye they are but as a day.



Old favorite town ! now crowned with years, thy beauty lingers yet ;
 Ungrateful would thy children prove did they thine age forget ;
 But they have come with joyful hearts to greet thy natal morn,
 And feel a pride that they can say, here were our fathers born.

Here are the scenes they loved so well, here floats the air they breathed,
 Here lies the heritage around, which they to us bequeathed ;
 How, then, can we forget the past, or cease to own its power ?
 Neglect upon its urn to cast the tribute of a flower ?

Our offerings here to-day we bring and lay upon her shrine ;
 The earnest heart, the happy wish, old town, to-day are thine.
 And when another hundred years have traced their circles round,
 May other hearts as warm as ours on this same spot be found.

8. Rutland.

Old *Rutland's* our mother,
 And *Barre* our brother,
 And *Oakham* another,
 And *Princeton* is half brother, too ;
 While *Pacton* makes five,
 Who like brothers will strive,
 While their mother shall live,
 To be *faithful* and *loving* and *true*.

Hon. J. Warren Bigelow, of Rutland, was now called for, but was absent on official duty, although he had intended to be present, and Col. Calvin Howe, of Rutland was then called upon, who briefly and ably responded.

9. Our Eastern brother. Though he has risen to become the *prince of towns*, (Princeton,) yet as from his lofty height he looks down upon us, we hope he will not forget that we helped him to a *wing*. He once gave us a good townsman, and we hope he is *Good-nor*.

The President now called upon Wm. B. Goodnow, Esq., of Princeton, but Mr. G. excused himself, and proposed to "*turn in his man*," and thereupon called upon Deacon Everett, of Princeton, and he, following the example of Deacon Stowe, endeavored to make people "*laugh*."

He began by saying that the family *now* known as Goodnow, or as now pronounced Goodnow, was formerly by the people of Princeton called Goodnough, and if that gentleman had now undertaken to make a speech, it would have been *good enough*. After many other facetious remarks, and a play upon words and names, which brought out roars of laughter, he closed by giving a compliment to the ladies of Hubbardston for their beauty, and then added the following, as a sentiment or benediction:—

The Ladies of Hubbardston. May their *virtues* ever be as broad and as expansive as their *skirts*, and their *eyes* as diminutive as their *bouquets*.



10. Templeton. Our paternal greetings and regards to our Northern brother.

This sentiment was ably and eloquently responded to by Col. Artemas Lee, of Templeton, who gave intimation of the friendly relations which had ever existed between the towns of Templeton and Hubbardston, and the more intimate relation that existed during the last decade. And that although they respected the town of Gardner, and the inhabitants of that town, still it would have been more pleasing to *him*, and he believed to the *inhabitants of Templeton* generally, if the towns of Templeton and Hubbardston could have continued one Representative District during the coming ten years.

11. The Medical Profession.

The ignorance of man in regard to the laws of life and health, creates its necessity. In the *good time coming* their prescriptions will be preventatives of, rather than cures *for*, diseases. Till *then* may their pills and powders be harmless.

Dr. Moses Phelps was called upon, but there was no response.

12. Sons and Daughters resident in Worcester.

This was ably responded to by W. A. Williams, Esq., of Worcester.

13. The scenery of our native town. In centennial bloom.

Responded to by George Swan, Esq., of Worcester, who to a very happy and appropriate introduction added the following truly appropriate poetical lines, prepared by himself expressly for the occasion:

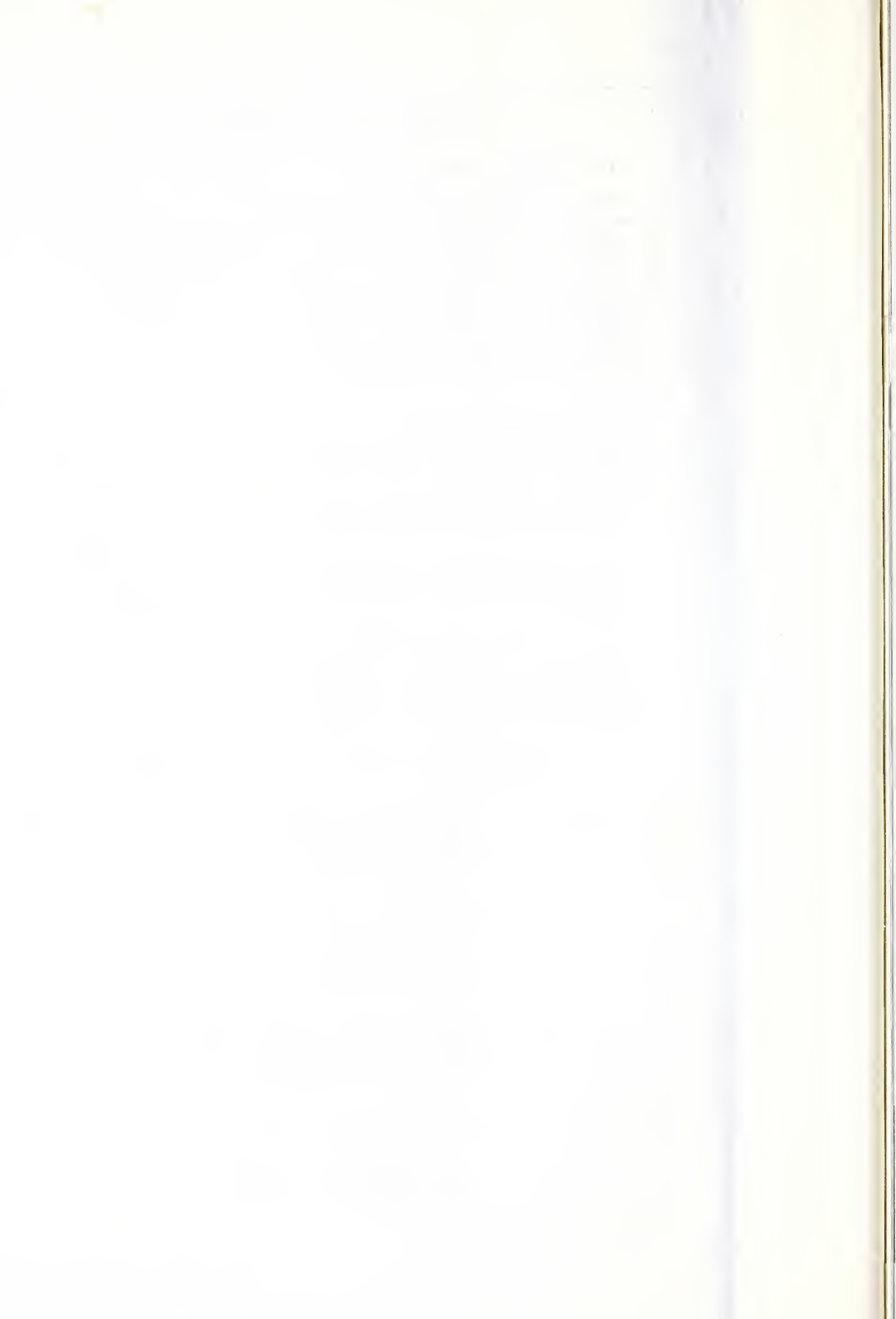
A DAY IN MY NATIVE TOWN, JUNE 13, 1867.

Behind Wachusett's woody height,
Aurora breaks her morning nap;
Folds up the drapery of the night,
And hangs on high her misty cap.

Then first she steals a sidelong glance
At glassy lake on Comet Hill,
Whose crystal waters more enhance
Her radiant charms "in dishabille."

But soon arrayed in bright attire,
She dances up the mountain's height,
Salutes, with grace, the village spire,
And dawns on all the morning light.

The thrifty farmer, weather-wise,
Now takes his reckoning for the day;
And, by the prospect of the skies,
Determines when to cut his hay.



One sign is always understood,
However dry the times may be ;
When old Wachusett wears a hood,
A storm is coming off the sea.

His brow, to-day, no storm portends ;
The misty cap Aurora lent,
In glistening dewdrops quickly blends
Before the Sun's bright Orient.

From mountain's base, to Burnshirt Hill,
Whose fruitful soil, without one touch
Of art or scientific skill,
Produced the seedling tree—"Nonesuch;"

From Ravendale to Ragged Hill,
Abounding in pyritic rocks,
Which bear the marks of patient drill
In quest of fancied "copper stocks"—

Extends the variegated scene
Of wild and cultivated land ;
With ponds and groves and pastures green,
Arranged by Nature's lavish hand.

Why stops the tourist from abroad,
While toiling up the village hill,
To take his standpoint on the road
That winds above the old gristmill ?

His sketchbook 's full of foreign themes
For poet's pen or painter's dyes ;
Yet there he stands, and gazing, dreams
An outline sketch of Paradise.

An amphitheatre of hills—
With homesteads on their sunny slopes,
Capacious barns, and cider mills
In orchards white with fruitful hopes—

Converging down to very brim
Of Silver Lake, with islands green,
Where truant boys delight to swim,
And lilies fresh and fragrant glean.

Upon the wide-spread plain above,
Where radiate the rural roads,
Contented Industry and Love
Have fixed their permanent abodes.



From cross of roads at either "Port,"
Where stands a church, and tavern too—
In former times of much resort—
A broad and level avenue,

Beneath the elm-tree's Gothic arch
Extends, with walks of even grade,
Where native maple, lind and larch
Commingle, form a grateful shade.

From anxious care and strife exempt,
Before ambition nerved our wing,
Among these scenes our boyhood dreamt
That life was one perennial spring.

We linger on the village green,
The common field of our exploits,
When closed the day in lively scene
Of games at ball and pitching quoits ;

Or loiter in the old church-yard,
Whose sacred monuments of slate,
Retouched to-day by Laureate Bard,
Shall save ancestral name and date ;

Until we hear that clear-toned bell,
Whose curfew tolls the day's decline ;
That deep-toned bell, whose solemn knell
Too soon may count your age and mine.

14. Our Heroes. Long may they live to reap the rewards of their generous self-sacrifices.

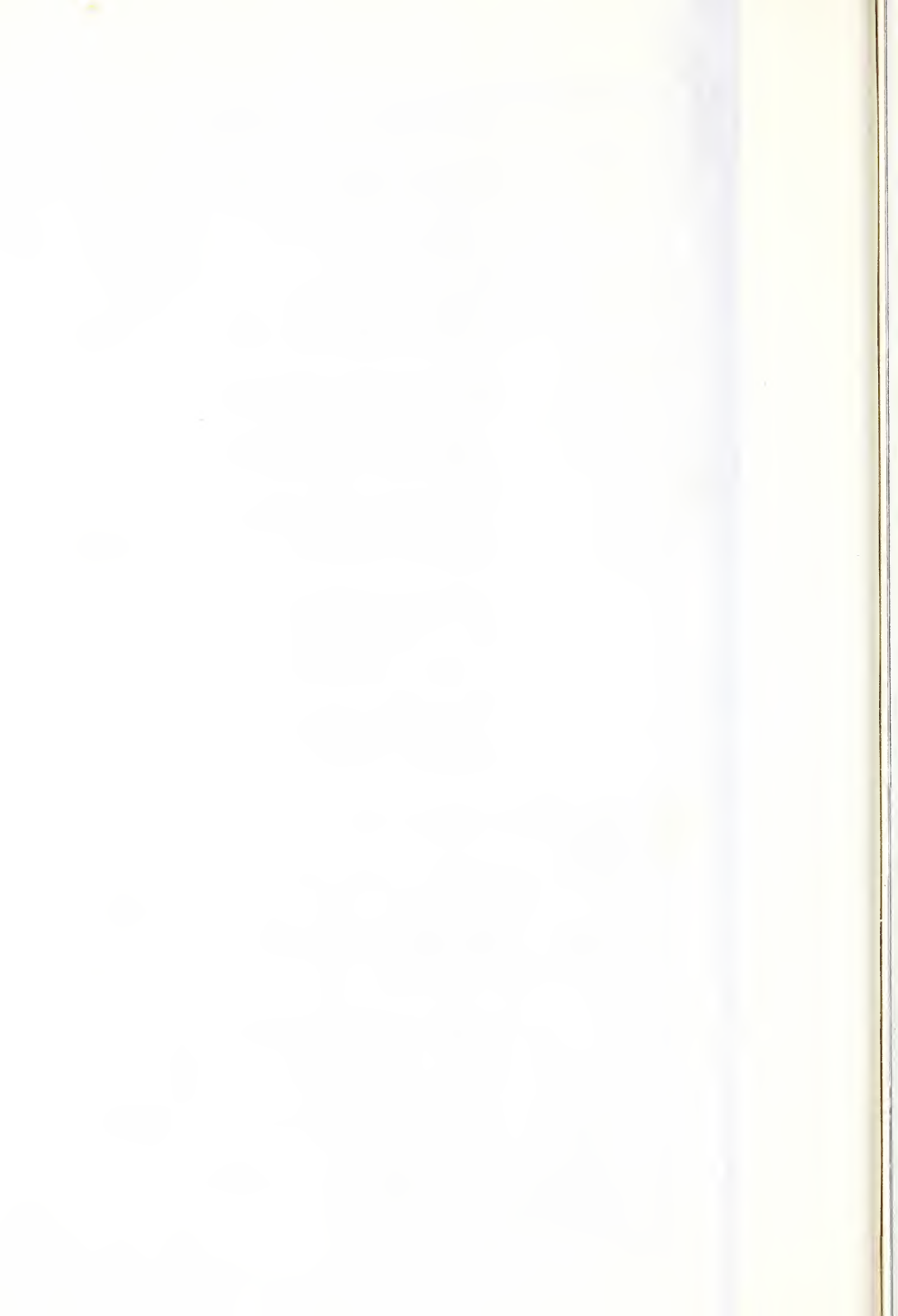
Responded to by Peter Richardson, Esq.

15. The Farmers of Hubbardston. While they toil with untiring industry in *this*, one of the noblest callings of man, may they not neglect to cultivate the mind and heart as well as the soil.

Deacon Andrew Gleason was called upon, but made no response.

16. The Municipal Fathers of the town. Notwithstanding our first Board of Selectmen was composed of material somewhat *Green*, after a few years we adopted the plan of taking more substantial and seasoned *Woods*, brought from Marlborough, and a few years later resorted in a great degree to *Greenwood*, yet we often had to *Waite* for the best material, which was always promptly on hand. We would inquire of the tail of the present Board to tell us *Howe* it is now.

Responded to by Abel Howe, Esq., who very punningly wove into his response almost every surname that could be arranged into any sentence in the English language.



17. Our Assessors. In making up these Boards, we have ever looked Woodward.

Briefly responded to by Lyman Woodward, Esq.

18. The Press. First among the agencies of civilization and enlightenment. May its influence ever be for justice, humanity and the right.

Mr. Baldwin, of Worcester, reporter for the *Spy*, was called upon to respond, but failing to do so, the President then called on Mr. T. Cleland, Jr., of Worcester, reporter for the *Aegis and Gazette*, who arose, saying he had not risen for the purpose of making a speech, but to tell a story :

At a time, a traveler, journeying upon important and pressing business, was overtaken by the night, and being overcome by the fatigues of the day, and desiring a little rest and repose, chanced to come upon a wayside inn. He called up the landlord, stated his case, and desired lodgings for a few hours, and feed and care for his beast.

The landlord regretted to inform him that he had no accommodations, that his beds were all occupied. The traveler further urged his claim, and the necessities of the case, and also his disposition to fit himself to the circumstances, and added that he was willing to take lodging with some other guest. Whereupon the landlord informed him that every bed in the house was already occupied by two persons, except one, and in *that* was a colored man; whereupon the traveler replied that *that* was no objection to him, and that he would willingly take lodgings with him. And thereupon the obliging landlord consented to give him the very best accommodations in his power. Before retiring, the traveler requested the landlord to call him at a certain hour in the morning, which would be long before the dawn of day, that he might pursue his journey, and then the traveler was conducted to his lodgings, to share the bed with the negro. This disturbed the former occupant of the bed. He did not like to have his rights thus abridged, and desired to wreak his vengeance upon the weary traveler.

The traveler was soon in a profound sleep, and the negro rose from the bed, burnt a cork, and blackened the face of the traveler till it resembled the hue of his own, and then again retired.

The landlord, prompt to duty, called the traveler in the morning at the appointed hour, when he hastily arose, dressed himself, and before taking his leave happened to look in the glass, and, discovering the color of his face, turned to the landlord, and with clenched fist, which he shook in the face of the other, loudly exclaimed, "*You old rascal! you e'e called up the wrong man.*"

19. The distinguished Mechanic of Worcester.

To this sentiment Hon. Lucius W. Pond briefly, but very appropriately responded, giving to Hubbardston due credit for the influences with which he was surrounded during early childhood.

20. Good Templars,—So well represented here to-day, may their influence never be less than now.

Response by O. S. Brigham.



21. The Natural History Department. Among the numerous brood over which the old mother spreads her wings to-day, she exhibits several native *Swans*.

The President here called upon Mr. James Swan of Boston, but failing to draw out a response, he then called upon Mr. Reuben Swan of New York City, but met with no better success; whereupon one of the Vice Presidents suggested to the President that if it was impossible to raise the flight of a *Swan*, that he attempt to scare up a *C-lark*, which had mated with the *Swans*.

The President now called upon Abijah S. Clark, Esq., of Bellows Falls, Vt., who very humorously responded, and drew out much applause.

The following original Hymn was prepared for the occasion by William E. Richardson, Esq., of Boston.

FOR THE HUBBARDSTON CENTENNIAL.

AIR,—*Old Hundred*.

From every pilgrim hither come
To crown with joy their ancient home,
From every tongue break forth the song,
To welcome this ancestral morn.

Our homes shall catch the gladdening strain,
And roll the echo o'er each plain,
Till every mountain, grove and glen
Repeats with joy the glad Amen.

Ye aged heads, with honored grey,
Join in the choros of to-day,
For ye have known what hopes and fears
Have triumphed in One Hundred Years.

Let lisping childhood time each tongue
To strike the notes their fathers sung;
Here have your grandest garlands spread,
To crown the memory of the dead.

One hundred years ago here stood
Primeval forests, unsubdued;
Here, where was heard the red man's yell,
Now sweetly *chimes* the Sabbath bell.

These are their triumphs, glorious now,
The church, the school, the loom, the plough,
While from the dawn to setting sun
Our starry flag protects each one.

Then join the anthem, swell the strain,
Roll the proud echo o'er each plain,
Till every mountain, grove and glen
Repeat once more the glad Amen.



The following letter was received by the Committee in response to an invitation extended by them to Commodore T. O. Selfridge of Philadelphia :

NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA, }
May 10, 1867. }

Gentlemen : I regret to say that it will not be in my power to accept the kind invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration in your town June 13th, 1867.

With my best wishes for a pleasant meeting, I remain,

Very truly yours,

THOS. O. SELFRIDGE,

Commodore U. S. N.

Messrs. L. Pierce and others, Corresponding Committee,
Hubbardston, Mass.

A synopsis of, and extracts from, a letter from Asa C. Gates of Weymouth, Nova Scotia :—

WEYMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA, }
May 27, 1867. }

Gentlemen :—Your note of invitation to the Centennial Celebration, duly came to hand, remailed from Calais, Me.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to visit my native town on so momentous an occasion, but, owing to a press of business, I shall not be able. *Old Hubbardston!* the adopted home of my four grandparents, adopted when they were in the strength and vigor of manhood, the early prime of life, and when the town was yet in its infancy, and their last resting place, (as the dust of each now slumbers in the old graveyard in the rear of the first Church,) that home where they severally experienced all the hardships and privations of pioneer life, the birthplace of both my parents, (where they were born about 85 years ago,) and also *their* home till middle life, the birth place and early home of myself and most of my brothers and sisters,—that spot must ever remain dear to me.

Although an alien from my native country for more than 30 years, and a sojourner from the town of my birth more than 43 years, my mind often reverts back with pleasure to that place, and the scenes of my early childhood. I often speak of those scenes with heartfelt joy. And although only nine years of age when I left the place, I can quite well remember the situation. Old Hubbardston surely must be a beautiful place *now*—it was so half a century ago. The Common,—what a delightful place it must be. The street from the Common to Ellinwood's corner, (I think they called it,) at that time so beautifully decorated with young trees, which, if now living, must be a most delightful place.

How well can I remember "Grandmother Church" telling the hardships she endured while her husband (my grandfather) was away in the army, and showing me the old relics, such as the *Horn Cups*, *Continental Money*, *Oaken Chests*, &c., &c., which he brought back from the War of the Revolution. She, poor woman, must have lived to a great age, as I understand she died about A. D. 1844. I could fill a sheet, if time would permit, but it would not interest you, and therefore will close by saying that I shall bear in mind *the thirteenth day of June*, and be with you in spirit, though not in body.

Yours most respectfully,

ASA C. GATES.

To Messrs. L. Pierce, L. Woodward, T. S. Heald.



Letters in reply to invitations were received by the Committee from Rev. A. S. Ryder of South Boston, Leonard Wood, Esq., of Boston, Miss Elizabeth Selfridge, of Middlebury, Vt., and others.

After the sentiments and responses at the table were concluded, the Band gave the closing benediction in some well chosen and fitting strains, and as the sun was sinking below the Western horizon, the vast concourse abdicated the tent, and the parting greetings were hastily given and received, and many of the visitors left the town that evening for their homes.

Thus passed the thirteenth day of June, A. D. 1867, in the town of Hubbardston; a day that had brought together more people than had ever before been assembled in the town on any occasion; a day rendered pleasant by all its surroundings, a clear sky, a bright sun, pure air, and gentle zephyrs; pleasant by the friendly greetings of old friends and associates, the returned sons and daughters of *Old Hubbardston*, returned to the old homestead for an affectionate embrace. Many had returned to meet aged parents, others to meet brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, others still to meet nephews, nieces and cousins, and still others to meet no kindred or relative, but nevertheless to meet *friends*, *warm friends*, and re-visit and review and revive the scenes, the haunts and memories of former years, the homes which they had once left, possibly without, at that time, "casting one longing, lingering look behind," but to which they now turned with fond delight.

Thus passed a day long to be remembered in the annals of Hubbardston; a day which was closing without the happening of any accident to mar the pleasures of the occasion; a day in which we had heard rehearsed the deeds of valor and self sacrifice of our fathers and mothers, the first settlers of the town.

And now, drawing a veil over *all their* failings, let us so endeavor to emulate *their* noble deeds, that the coming generations may find as little they would seek to hide, and as much to admire in our history, as we do to-day in the perusal of theirs. And as we to-day are blessed by the institutions that the fathers have handed down to us, so let us endeavor to transmit to coming generations blessings equally as great.



APPENDIX.

The following is a list of persons who have served as Selectmen in Hubbardston from 1767 to 1867 inclusive, together with the year when, and the number of years each person served:

Israel Green, 1767,	1	Oliver Witt, 1787,	1
Benjamin Nurse, 1767,	1	Samuel Morse,† 1787,	1
Benjamin Hoyt, 1767, 1768, 1769,	3	Benjamin Tainter, 1787,	1
Stephen Heald, 1768, 1770, 1771,	3	Edward Selfridge, 1788, 1789,	2
1773, 1775, 1779, 1786,	7	Buckley Howe,‡ 1788, 1789,	2
Adam Wheeler, 1768, 1769, 1783,	3	Moses Greenwood, 1790, 1791, 1795,	5
William Pain, 1769,	1	1796, 1797,	4
Ezekiel Newton, 1770, 1772 1773,	4	Moses Clark, 1790, 1791, 1795, 1796,	4
1774,	4	Joshua Murdock, 1790, 1791, 1807,	4
William Mareau, 1770, 1771, 1775,	17	1808,	2
1782, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796,	17	Samuel Follett, 1790, 1791,	3
1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802,	17	Thomas Hapgood, 1795, 1796, 1797,	3
1806, 1809,	3	John Browning, 1797, 1803 1804,	4
Joseph Eveleth, 1771, 1773, 1785,	3	1805,	4
Joseph Sharrow, 1772,	1	Daniel Parkis, 1798, 1799, 1800,	4
John Woods, 1772, 1776, 1807, 1808,	4	1801,	7
Ezra Pond, 1774, 1780, 1781,	3	Ephraim Allen, 1798, 1799, 1800,	7
William Muzzy, 1774, 1775, 1779,	6	1809, 1810, 1812, 1813,	9
1782, 1795, 1796,	6	Ebenezer Warren, 1798, 1799, 1800,	9
Jonathan Gates, 1776, 1780, 1784,	6	1801, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1816, 1817,	10
1786, 1788, 1789,	9	Israel Davis, 1801, 1802, 1806, 1809,	1
Robert Murdock, 1776, 1785, 1786,	2	1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1821, 1822,	1
1790, 1791, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801,	2	Ebenezer Stowe, 1802,	1
John Clark, 1777, 1779,	2	Abraham Cutting, 1802,	1
Isaac Bellows,* 1777, 1783,	1	Levi Greenwood, 1803, 1804, 1805,	4
George Metcalf, 1777,	1	1816,	3
Thomas Caryl, 1778,	1	Jonathan Cutting, 1803, 1804, 1805,	6
Elisha Woodward, 1778, 1779, 1802,	1	William Morse, 1804, 1805, 1810,	6
William Stone, 1778,	2	1811, 1812, 1820,	5
Joseph Shattuck, 1780, 1786,	4	Asa Wheeler, 1806 1810, 1811, 1812,	9
Nathaniel White, 1780, 1792, 1793,	4	1815,	2
1794,	6	Daniel Woodward, 1806, 1809, 1814,	6
Abijah Greenwood, 1780, 1783, 1787,	3	1815, 1818, 1819, 1821, 1822, 1823,	6
1792, 1793, 1794,	3	Samuel Morse, 1806, 1813,	1
Samuel Slocomb, 1781, 1782 1783,	1	Ons Parker, 1807, 1808, 1812, 1815,	1
Joel Pollard, 1781,	1	1819, 1822,	9
Reuben Torman, 1783,	3	Aaron Gates, 1807, 1808, 1818, 1819,	2
James Thompson, 1784, 1792, 1793,	1	1820, 1824, 1825, 1831, 1832,	2
Eli Clark, 1784,	5	Luke Warren, 1809, 1820,	1
Joseph Wright, 1784, 1786, 1792,	1	Asa Lyon, 1810,	2
1793, 1794,	1	Delphos Gates, 1810, 1811,	1
Hollis Parker, 1785,	1	Moses Phelps, 1811,	1
Nathan Stone, 1785,	1	Levi Conant, 1811,	1
John McClenathan, 1785, 1794, 1797,	5	Robert Murdock, Jr., 1813,	1
1807, 1808,	1	Daniel Barns, 1813,	1

* Resigned to enlist in the army, and Ebenezer Joslin was elected May 22, 1777, to serve for the remainder of that year.

† Samuel Morse died April 20, 1787, and Oliver Witt and Benjamin Tainter do not appear to have accepted, and John Woods and Ezra Pond were elected May 16, to serve during the remainder of the year.

‡ Died November 1, 1789.



Moses Waite, 1814, 1815, 1819, 1820, 1824, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1834, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1842, 16	Stillman Morse, 1834, 1
Aaron Wright, 1814, 1817, 2	Lyman Greenwood, 1834, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1859, 1860, 1862, 1864, 15
Joel Pollard, Jr., 1814, 1	William S. Clark, 1835, 1
Ebenezer Mann, 1816, 1	William Joslin, 1835, 1841, 1843, 1859, 4
Timothy P. Marcan, 1816, 1817, 1821, 3	Levi Allery, 1836, 1837, 2
Ephraim Mason, 1816, 1	Sewell Wheeler, 1837, 1838, 1844, 1845, 1
Nathan Wright, 1817, 1	Cruso Kendall,* 1838, 1839, 1840, 1842, 1843, 5
James H. Wheeler, 1817, 1818, 2	Henry Prentiss, Jr., 1839, 1840, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1861, 6
Moses Phelps, Jr., 1818, 1	Levi Joslin, 1839, 1842, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1850, 1851, 1860, 8
Johann Stone, 1818, 1819, 1	Ephraim Stowe, 1840, 1841, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 8
Isaac Follett, 1820, 1	Aaron Greenwood, 1841, 1842, 1846, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 7
James Browning 1821, 1824, 2	James A. Waite, 1841, 1
Ebenezer Stowe, Jr., 1821, 1	Luke Williams, 1842, 1
Silas Greenwood, 1822, 1823, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1834, 1836, 1839, 1840, 13	John F. Woodward, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1862, 1863, 1864, 13
Sewell Mirick, 1822, 1823, 1826, 3	Caleb Underwood, 1849, 1850, 1851, 3
Warner Hinds, 1823, 1824, 1826, 1	Sylvanus, Dunton, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1857, 1858, 5
John Church, 1823, 1	Levi Miles, 1855, 1856, 2
Samuel Swan, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 4	Augustus Morse, 1855, 1856, 2
Henry Prentiss, 1825, 1	T. Sibley Heald,† 1861, 1
George Williams, 1825, 1	Horace Underwood, 1861, 1865, 2
Abijah Clark, 1825, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1831, 1832, 6	Moses C. Wheeler, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1867, 5
Jonas Heald, 1827, 1828, 1843, 3	Andrew Gleason, 1863, 1865, 1866, 3
Nathan Warren, 1828, 1	John G. Allen, 1866, 1
Asa Marcan, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1840, 1841, 1843, 1844, 1845, 10	Isaac Hallock, 1866, 1
Rowland Woodward, 1829, 1833, 1834, 1835, 4	Oren Marcan, 1867, 1
Justus Ellinwood, 1830, 1	Abel Howe, 1867, 1
David Bennett, 1830, 1	
Elisha Woodward, 1831, 1832, 1833, 3	
Ethan A. Greenwood, 1833, 1	
Dana Brown, 1833, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1844, 1845, 7	

At the annual election held March 12, 1787, but little business was done except the election of Town Officers. The gentlemen elected Selectmen, although new in office, were old in years, being severally between 67 and 70 years old. The inhabitants voted to grant no money for schooling during the present year, and raised no money to defray town charges; and adjourned the meeting for two weeks; when, the record says "Met agreeable to adjournment, and no votes were passed save to excuse several of the persons who were elected to office at the former meeting," and then adjourned to April 2nd, which was the day of the election of State officers. At this meeting no business was done under the March meeting warrant, except to choose a Sexton and a person to take charge of the meeting-house, and the meeting dissolved. At the election for State Officers *that day*, the whole number of votes cast was thirteen.

* Died May 26, 1843.

† Resigned to enlist in the army, and John F. Woodward was elected to serve the remainder of the year.



Hon. John Hancock received the entire vote for Governor, and this at a time when there was probably more excitement than at any former election since the adoption of the Constitution; and we find in some of the adjoining towns a larger vote was cast this day than ever before.

A town meeting was held May 16th, when the vacancies in town officers were filled; and another October 15th, when \$200 were raised for the support of Schools, and the like sum to defray town charges; and the other business done which was usually performed at the March meeting.

The following is a list of persons who have served as Assessors in Hubbardston from 1767 to 1867, inclusive, together with the year when, and the number of years each person served:

Israel Green, 1767,	1	Daniel Woodward, 1798, 1799, 1800,	
Benjamin Nurse, 1767,	1	1801, 1817,	5
Benjamin Hoyt, 1767, 1768, 1769,		Abijah Greenwood, 1799,	1
1772,	4	James Thompson, 1799,	1
Stephen Heald, 1768, 1770,	2	Edward Selfridge, 1800,	1
Adam Wheeler, 1768, 1769, 1771,	3	Jacob Waite, 1801, 1803, 1804, 1805,	
William Pain, 1769,	1	1806, 1807, 1808, 1810, 1811,	9
Ezekiel Newton, 1770,	1	Abner Gay, 1802, 1803, 1813, 1816,	4
William Marcan, 1770, 1771, 1792,	3	Abraham Cutting, 1802,	1
Joseph Eveleth, 1771, 1772, 1773,		Israel Davis, 1804, 1805,	2
1775, 1777,	5	Levi Greenwood, 1806, 1818,	2
Nathaniel Waite, 1772,	1	Asa Wheeler, 1807, 1808,	2
John Woods, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776,		Luke Warren, 1807, 1808, 1809,	
1788, 1789,	6	1812, 1814, 1815, 1820,	7
George Metcalf, 1773,	1	Timothy P. Marcan, 1809,	1
Isaac Bellows, 1774, 1775, 1777,		Aaron Gates, 1810, 1811, 1816, 1817,	
1779, 1781, 1787,	6	1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1825,	15
William Muzzy, 1774, 1777, 1779,		1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830,	
1786, 1792, 1798,	6	Nathaniel Waite, Jr., 1810,	1
Jonathan Gates, 1776, 1780, 1783,		Luther Hale, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814,	
1784, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1802, 1803,	9	1815, 1821,	6
Robert Mardock, 1776,	1	William Rice, 1816,	1
Joel Pollard, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782,	4	Nathan Wright, 1817,	1
Elisha Woodward, 1780, 1782, 1783,		Joel Pollard, Jr., 1818, 1819, 1822,	
1784,	4	1823, 1824, 1830, 1839, 1840,	8
Joseph Shattuck, 1780, 1782, 1785,		William Hobbs, 1819,	1
1786,	4	Sewell Mirick, 1820, 1822, 1823,	
Ebenezer Mann, 1780, 1797,	2	1824, 1826, 1827, 1830,	7
Alpheus Morse, 1781, 1785,	2	James H. Wheeler, 1821,	1
Moses Phelps, 1783, 1784,	2	Justus Ellinwood, 1823, 1824,	2
Ebenezer Joslin, 1785,	1	George Williams, 1825,	1
Philemon Woodward, 1786, 1788,		Abijah Clark, 1825,	1
1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794,		Russell Brown, 1826, 1828, 1829,	
1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1800, 1804,		1831, 1833, 1834, 1835,	7
1805, 1806, 1809, 1812, 1813, 1814,		Ephraim Stowe, 1827,	1
1815,	21	Silas Davis, 1828, 1829, 1831, 1832,	4
Samuel Morse,* 1787,	1	John Church, 1831, 1832,	2
Moses Greenwood, 1787, 1790,	2	William Young, 1832, 1833,	2
John McClenathan, 1791, 1793, 1794,		Shepherd Clark, 1833,	1
1795, 1796,	5	John D. Pierce, 1834, 1835,	2
Asa Church, 1791, 1793, 1794, 1795,		Elisha Woodward, 1834, 1835, 1836,	
1796, 1797,	6	1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842,	

* Died April 20, 1787, and John Woods elected to fill the vacancy.



1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849,	Joseph Raymond, 1852, 1853, 1854,	3
1851, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1863, 1864,	Israel Davis, 1852, 1853, 1854,	3
William Bennett, 1836, 1837, 1838,	Almer Gay, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1859,	
1839, 1840,	1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1865, 1866,	
James H. Pierce, 1836, 1837,	1867,	11
Henry Prentiss, Jr., 1838, 1841, 1842,	Horace Underwood, 1855,	1
1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849,	Leonard Clark, 1855,	1
1851,	William Joslin, 1856, 1857, 1861,	
Lyman Greenwood, 1841, 1842, 1843,	1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867,	9
Dana Brown, 1843, 1854,	Abijah H. Greenwood, 1856, 1857,	2
Rowland Woodward, 1843,	Levi Joslin, 1858,	1
William Bennett, Jr., 1844, 1845,	Albert Bennett, 1858, 1860,	2
1846, 1847, 1848, 1850, 1851,	Lyman Woodward, 1861, 1862, 1864,	3
Sylvanus Duntun, 1849, 1859,	Oren Marean, 1865, 1866,	2
Levi Miles, 1850, 1852, 1853,	Nathan H. Felton, 1867,	1
Simpson C. Heald, 1850,		1

A list of persons who have served as Town Clerk of Hubbardston, and the number of years the office has been held by each:

John LeBourveau, from 1767 to 1769 inclusive,	Jonathan Cutting, from 1803 to 1806 inclusive,	4
William Marean, 1770,	Jacob Waite, 1807, 1810, 1811,	3
Joseph Eveleth, 1771,	Daniel Woodward, 1808, 1809, 1812, 1813,	4
John Woods, from 1772 to 1784 inclusive, and 1793, 1796,	Samuel Swan, 1814, 1815, and from 1820, to 1835 inclusive,	18
Stephen Church,* 1785, 1786,	William Bennett, Jr., 1836 to 1864 inclusive,	29
Elisha Woodward, 1786 to 1794 inclusive,	Lyman Woodward, 1865 to ———	
Abner Gay, 1797 to 1802 inclusive, and from 1816 to 1818 inclusive,		9

A list of persons who have held the office of Treasurer in the town of Hubbardston, together with the number of years each has served:

Ezekiel Newton, 1767, 1768, 1772, 1775, 1776,	Samuel Swan, 1822, 1823,	2
Adam Wheeler, 1769, 1770, 1771,	Clark Witt, from 1824 to 1827 inclusive,	4
William Marean, 1773, 1774,	John Church, from 1827 to 1830 inclusive,	4
John Woods, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781,	Levi Peirce, from 1831 to 1834 inclusive, and 1846, 1848, 1849,	
Joel Pollard, 1782, 1783, 1784,	1856, 1857, 1858,	10
Elisha Woodward, from 1785 to 1790 inclusive, and 1799,	Shepherd Clark, from 1835 to 1837 inclusive, and 1840, 1841,	5
Jonathan Gates, from 1791 to 1798 inclusive,	Moses Phelps, 1838,	1
Abijah Greenwood, from 1800 to 1803 inclusive, and 1809,	Appleton Clark, from 1842 to 1845 inclusive,	4
Daniel Woodward, from 1804 to 1806 inclusive,	Luther A. May, from 1850 to 1853 inclusive,	4
Ebenezer Warren, 1807, 1808,	John Phelps, 1849,	1
Otis Parker, 1810, 1811,	Wm. Bennett, Jr., 1854, 1863, 1864,	3
Ebenezer Stowe, 1812,	Benjamin D. Phelps, 1855, 1859,	
Levi Greenwood, from 1813 to 1816 inclusive,	1860, 1861, 1862,	5
Israel Davis, from 1817 to 1819 inclusive,	Moses Greenwood, 1865,	1
Justus Ellinwood, 1820, 1821,	Lyman Woodward, 1866, 1867,	2

* Died July 11, 1786, and Elisha Woodward was elected to serve for the remainder of the year.



A list of Delegates to the several Conventions held in Massachusetts:

John Clark, Delegate to Convention held at Concord,	1774
William Muzzy, Representative to Provisional Congress, held at Watertown,	1775
William Muzzy, Representative to General Court held at Watertown,	1775
John Woods, Delegate to Constitutional Convention held at Cambridge,	1779
William Marean, Delegate to Convention held at Concord,	1779
John Woods, Delegate to Convention held at Boston to adopt U. S. Constitution,	1787
Ephraim Allen, Delegate to Convention held at Boston to revise the Constitution,	1820
William Bennett, Jr., Delegate to Convention held at Boston to revise the Constitution,	1853

The following is a list of Senators who have represented the County of Worcester, in part, in the Legislature of Massachusetts:

Henry Prentiss,	1835
Ethan A. Greenwood,	1836-1837

Representatives to the General Court from 1780 to 1867, together with the years each person served and the number of years:

William Muzzy, 1786, 1787, 1796, 1798,	Ethan A. Greenwood, 1833, 1834,	2
John Woods, 1788,	Silas Greenwood, 1835,	1
William Marean, 1791, 1792, 1794, 1800, 1801,	Asa Marean, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1841, 1842,	6
Jonathan Gates, 1803,	Micajah Reed, 1839, 1840,	2
John McClenathan, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1907,	George Williams, 1839, 1840,	2
Jacob Waite, 1809, 1810,	Sylvanus Duntton, 1843,	1
Ephraim Allen, 1812, 1813,	William Bennett, Jr., 1846, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852; the District, 1861, 1864,	8
Levi Greenwood, 1814, 1816,	Leonard Clark, 1855,	1
Daniel Woodward, 1818, 1821,	Levi Miles, 1856,	1
Samuel Swan 1824,	Henry Prentiss, 1857,	1
Henry Prentiss, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1832, 1836,	Aaron Greenwood, the District, 1859,	5
Moses Phelps, 1828,	Horace Underwood, the District, 1863,	1
Moses Waite, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1837,	Lyman Woodward, the District, 1865, 1867.	2

In 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1839 and 1840, the town sent two Representatives.

The years not mentioned above, prior to 1858, the town was not represented.

From 1858 to 1866, Templeton and Hubbardston comprised one District.

Since 1866, Barre, Dana, Hardwick, Hubbardston, Petersham, Philipston and New Braintree make one District.



CHURCHES.

The first Church of Christ in Hubbardston was organized Feb. 14, 1770, with six male members, to wit:

Nehemiah Parker, Pastor elect.

Adam Wheeler, dismissed from the Church in Rutland,

Nathaniel Upham, " " " " " Leicester.

Joseph Grimes, " " " " " Tewksbury.

Nathaniel Waite,* " " " " " Templeton.

Ephraim Rice,† " " " " " "

The first Calvinistic Church was organized Oct., 1827, the majority of the first Church seceding and forming themselves into another distinct Church.

The Methodist Church was gathered during the year 1839.

Meetings had been held in Valley Village and in School District No. 6 during the fall and winter previous, and in the spring of 1839 the hall in the Star Hotel in the centre of the town was engaged for their meetings, and the first sermon preached there was by Rev. Joseph Whitman, Jr., on Thursday, April 2nd, 1839. Lectures were continued in this hall on Thursday and Sunday evenings, till May 12th, when regular Sabbath preaching commenced, and was continued till the meeting of the Conference, June 5th, when this was made a station, and Rev. Joseph Whitman, Jr., was appointed preacher.

The first Meeting-house in town was raised in June, 1773, and probably religious meetings began to be held in it as early as August of the next year, but there was but very little done towards finishing the house for several years. It appears from the records of the town that there was no pulpit or permanent seats prior to 1782. The belfry was erected in 1805.

The Calvinistic Meeting-house was built during the season 1827, and was dedicated to the public worship of God Nov. 1st of that year.

The Methodist Meeting-house was erected during the season 1840, and was dedicated September 25th of that year.

During the season 1842, the first Church was re-built, and publicly re-dedicated January, 1843.

SCHOOLS.

Nothing had been done prior to 1781 towards dividing the town into school districts. The town had made very liberal appropriations for the support of common schools prior to the commencement of the War of the Revolution; but after the beginning of that struggle, the inhabitants found it necessary to direct all their attention to furnishing their quota of men for the army, and the support of the families of those who were in the service, and, therefore, made very meagre appropriations for other purposes.

* N. Waite and wife of Hubbardston, united with the Church at Templeton Sept. 6, 1767.

† E. Rice and wife of Hubbardston, united with the Church at Templeton Aug. 27, 1769.



One School-house was erected in 1770, which, for the time being, answered the triple purpose of Church, Town House and School-house.

In March, 1781, the town chose a Committee of seven men, to wit: William Marean, Elijah Adams, James Thompson, Joseph Caryl, Joel Pollard and Isaac Bellows*, to divide the town into School Districts, or "squadron out the town," and determine how many school-houses to build; the committee to report at a future meeting.

The next March, 1782, the Committee presented their report, dividing the town into seven "squadrons," and recommended the building of seven new school-houses.

This report was accepted by the town, but no further action was taken on the subject for the next two years.

In March, 1784, the town voted to build a school-house in each squadron, and granted one hundred and five pounds towards defraying the expenses thereof; and that said school-houses be completed before the first day of June, 1785. This grant of money was not very promptly assessed, for we find an article, in a warrant for a town meeting held February 16, 1786, "to see if the town will reconsider the vote formerly passed, granting £105 to build school-houses." The vote to reconsider was in the negative. Prior to this time, to wit, May 2, 1785, the town had voted to divide the northwest squadron, now making the number of squadrons eight, and also voted to give the southwest squadron another year to build their school-house.

During the year 1786, it was voted to grant, in addition to the sum already appropriated, £7.10s. each for the two squadrons which had been made out of the original northwest squadron, and also to grant £80 in addition to the former grants, for the purpose of finishing the several school-houses, thus giving to each squadron the sum of £25, or \$83.33; and by another vote which afterwards passed it appears that but one of the houses had been finished, and probably the remainder were finished during the year 1788. The names first given to the several schools were, the Centre, Northwest, North, Northeast, East, Southeast, South and West; But in a few years the name "squadron" was abandoned, and the numerical numbers from *one* to *eight* were given in the order above stated and the term "*District*" adopted.

After the setting off of the eastern portion of the town to Princeton, the dividing line between Districts No. 5 and 6 was altered, and a few years later the location of their school-houses changed.

In 1816, District No. 7 was divided, making District No. 9.

In 1820, District No. 10 was set off from No. 8; and in 1823, District No. 11 was formed from parts of Nos. 1 and 3.

In 1828, District No. 12 was formed from parts of Nos. 1, 4 and 5.

In 1837, the town was re-districted by a Committee of three, consisting of Silas Greenwood, Justus Ellinwood and Moses Waite, and carefully defined territorial limits and boundaries established.

Prior to that time the school-houses had been erected and repaired by

* The other name does not appear.



the town. Since then each district has repaired and re-built its own house, which is done by a separate tax, granted by the voters of the district, and assessed upon the polls and estates of the inhabitants thereof.

In 1851, District No. 13 was formed from parts of Nos. 2, 3 and 11, and new territorial boundaries established between the several districts Nos. 2, 3, 11 and 13.

With this one exception, but very few changes have been made in the district lines for the last thirty years.

The school-houses are all now kept in very good condition, and our inhabitants have no desire to abandon the district system, and fall back upon the *old* but *now* very popular method of re-building and repairing their school-houses at the expense of the town.

MILITIA.

Prior to 1791 there had been but one Military Company in the town.

Several attempts had been made to divide the company, which had been rapidly increasing in number, till it now numbered about 140 men. And September 26, 1791, the town voted to divide the militia into two companies; and then proceeded to choose Militia Officers. Thus it appears that the first officers were chosen in a town meeting, and were as follows, to wit:

FOR THE WEST COMPANY.

Ebenezer Mann, Captain. Daniel Parkis,* Lieutenant.
John Browning, Ensign.

FOR THE EAST COMPANY.

Moses Greenwood, Captain. Asa Church, Lieutenant.
Paul Mathews, Ensign.

In 1816, an independent company, called the Hubbardston Rifle Company, was chartered, and the first officers elected were,—

James H. Wheeler, Captain. Ephraim Mason, Lieutenant.
Brigham Davis, Ensign.

In the Spring of 1829, after the active Militia were reduced so as to include only the able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 30 years, the West Company (being the smallest) was disbanded, and the officers, to wit: Asa Underwood, Captain, Makepeace Clark, Lieutenant, Samuel A. Knox, Ensign, were discharged, and the non-commissioned officers and privates were enrolled in the East Company.

Soon after this, the military spirit waned very rapidly. The Rifle Company, which had heretofore been a very spirited company now began to be regardless of a prompt discharge of duty, and the commanding officer, Captain Israel Davis, jr., neglected to warn his company for the Regimental Review in the Fall of 1833, for which neglect he was

* Afterwards spelled Parkhurst.



court martialled. Lieutenant William Hobbs received orders from the superior officers to call out the company again; but the order was not obeyed, and the company was soon after disbanded, and the commissioned officers, Lieutenant Hobbs and Ensign Lyman Greenwood, discharged, and the non-commissioned officers and privates enrolled in the East Company.

Lieutenant Jonas G. Clark was now the only officer in that company. He received orders for calling out the company for the choice of a Captain and Ensign. The order was promptly obeyed, and the meeting held, but the company were unable to choose any one for captain who would accept of the office, and therefore the meeting was dissolved, and soon after the old militia law was repealed, and a law authorizing a volunteer militia enacted.

Again, in 1843, a charter for an independent company was granted, to be called the Hubbardston Light Infantry, agreeably to the *then* existing Laws of the Commonwealth. This company was organized, and the following named persons elected and commissioned as the first officers, to wit:

George Williams, Jr., Captain,	Joseph Russell, 3d Lieutenant,
Henry Chase, 1st Lieutenant,	Harvey Brown, 4th "
Daniel Witt, 2nd "	

The members provided themselves with a good uniform, the Commonwealth furnished the arms, and the Town provided an armory, and for a time the duties required by law were performed promptly and with a hearty good will.

After the discharge of Captain Williams, Lieutenant Chase was promoted to Captain, and labored hard to keep up the same military spirit. After his discharge, Harvey Brown was elected Captain, and served about one year, and after getting his discharge, several meetings were held for the purpose of electing a captain; but the company failed of finding any one who would accept of the office, and the duty of commanding fell on Lieutenant W. D. Cheever, who discharged the duty of commander one entire year; but during the season of 1850, Moses Brown was elected Captain and accepted, and continued to discharge the duties of the office for the remainder of that year. But the next Spring, the Captain being absent, orders were sent to Lieutenant John B. Flynn, who warned the company for the annual May Training, but less than one half the soldiers responded to the call.

The company now surrendered their charter, and the arms belonging to the Commonwealth were returned to the Adjutant General, and thus ended Military Reviews, Inspections and Drills in the town of Hubbardston.



The Manufactures and productions in 1845 were as follows :

Number of Chairs, 69,500, value	\$14,533.00
Number of Settees, 1000, value	2,000.00
Other Cabinet Ware,	200.00—\$16,733.00
Employed 40 males.	
Number of Brogans, 18,000 pairs, value	15,700.00
Number of Boots, 2,890 pairs, value	5,000.00— 20,700.00
Employed 26 males, 10 females.	
Number of Wagons, Buggies, &c., 31, value	1,600.00
Number of Sleighs, 40, value	800.00— 2,400.00
Employed 5 males.	
LUMBER,—Boards, 1,735,000 ft., value	13,322.00
Shingles, 405,000, value	810.00— 14,132.00
Employed 35 males.	
Hides tanned 2000, value of Leather,	4,908.00
Employed 5 males.	
Palmleaf Hats 54,000, value	10,485.00
Employed 200 females and children.	
Tin ware, value	400.00
Air Tight Stoves and Funnel, value	600.00— 1,000.00
Employed 1 male.	
Card boards, 11,579 doz. pair, value,	4,327.00
Employed 10 males.	
Churns, (Cylinder), 1000, value	2,500.00
Churns, (Dash), 200, value	100.00— 2,600.00
Employed 5 males.	
Shoe Boxes, 12,000, value	3,000.00
Employed 4 males.	
Harnesses, 19, value	161.00
Collars, 25, value	69.00— 230.00
Employed 2 males.	
Indian Corn, 5,195 bushels, value	\$4,157.60
Wheat, 20 " "	30.00
Rye, 750 " "	625.00
Barley, 2,632 " "	1,579.20
Oats, 6,201 " "	2,170.35
Potatoes,* 12,171 " "	4,057.00
Fruit, 15,062 " "	1,546.00
Hay, 2,785 tons, "	22,941.00
Butter, 44,664 lbs. "	6,252.96
Cheese, 53,365 " "	2,790.00
Turnips, Carrots and other vegetables, 1,917 bushels, value	387.00

* Less than one-third of a crop, because of the rot.



Horses	221	value	\$12,244.00
Oxen,	246	"	7,890 00
Cows,	881	"	17,620.00
Other neat cattle	414	"	3,684.00
Sheep,	423	"	1,269.00
Swine,	224	"	1,792.00

The manufactures and productions of Hubbardston, returned to the Secretary of the Commonwealth for 1855, were as follows, viz:

Establishments for the manufacture of Carriages, &c., 1; value of Carriages, &c. manufactured \$1000; capital \$200; employ 2 males.

Chairs, &c. 6; value of ware manufactured \$25,835; capital \$8,000; employ 44 males.

Tin Ware 1; value of ware manufactured \$18,000; capital 5,000; employ 9 males.

Glue 1; value manufactured \$3000; capital \$800; Employ 4 males.

Tanneries 1; Hides tanned 1,800; value of leather tanned \$4,250; capital \$2,000; employ 4 males.

Boots and shoes, value manufactured \$20,250; employ 39 males.

Palmleaf Hats, value \$2,700; employ 200 females.

Wooden Ware, value \$2,000; employ 2 males.

Lumber prepared, 2,540,000 ft.; value \$30,480; employ 33 males.

Firewood prepared, 4000 cords; value \$10,000; employ 25 males.

Sheep kept, 157, value \$622.00
Wool produced, 428 lbs.

Horses,	256,	value	20,760.00
Oxen,	200,	{ "	17,890.00
Steers,	104,	{ "	
Milch Cows,	681,	{ "	29,238.00
Heifers,	211,	{ "	

Butter, 47,285 lbs. value 11,917.00

Cheese, 22,800 " " 1,931.00

Indian Corn, 221 acres, 7,735 bushels, value 9,668.75

Wheat, 13 " 260 " " 520.00

Rye, 34 " 640 " " 1,020.00

Barley, 79 " 2,212 " " 2,212.00

Oats, 141 " 6,627 " " 3,313.50

Potatoes, 185 " 27,750 " " 13,875.00

Value of Onions, Carrots, Beets, and other esculent vegetables, . . . 1,764.50

English Hay, 2,465 acres, 2,247 tons, value 35,952.00

Swale or Meadow Hay, 620 " " 4,976.00

Apples, " " 3,216.00

In 1865, the manufactures and productions were as follows:

Establishments for the manufacture of chairs, &c. 5; value manufactured \$35,004; capital \$11,700; employ 41 males, 50 females.

Tin Ware 1; value of Ware \$3,000; capital \$1,000; employ 4 males.

Tanneries 1; Hides tanned 1,200; value of Leather \$9,000; capital \$3,000; employ 3 males.





The whole number of Families in 1782,	107
" " " " " 1794,	131
" " " " " 1800,	146
" " " " " 1810,	182
" " " " " 1820,	213
" " " " " 1830,	261
" " " " " 1840,	291
" " " " " 1850,	325

The valuation of the town as prepared by the State at the several different dates has been as follows, to wit:

	Polls.	
1831,	346,	\$314,467.00
1841,	423,	411,458.00
1851,	473,	643,503.00
1861,	454,	609,054.00
1865,		741,433.00

The report of the Valuation Committee of the year 1860 shows the following facts concerning the property of Hubbardston:

Number of ratable Polls 20 years old and upwards,	403
" " male " " " " not taxed,	51
" " males supported by the town, 20 years old and upwards,	3
" " Dwelling Houses, 326, value \$325,	\$105,950.00
" " Barns, 315, " 150,	47,250.00
" " Shops connected with dwellings 11,	
" " Other Shops, 74,	
" " Warehouses and Stores, 4,	500, 2,000.00
" " Tanneries, 1,	1,800, 1,800.00
" " Grist Mills, 2,	200, 400.00
" " Saw Mills, 15,	200, 3,000.00
" " Boot Factories, 2,	2,400.00
" " Chair " 3,	3,000.00
Amount of every person's whole stock in trade,	18,900.00
" " money at interest more than any creditor pays interest for,	82,085.00
" " Stock in Banks,	7,760.00
" " Shares in Railroads 5; value	500
Acres of land annually tilled (exclusive of orchards tilled), 671, val. \$20,	13,420.00
" " orcharding of all kinds, 81, " 30,	2,430.00
" " Upland Mowing, (excluding orchards,) 2,441, " 20,	48,820.00
Tons of English Hay,	1,899,
" " Orchards mowed,	81,
Tons of Hay,	81,
" " Fresh Meadow,	875,
Tons of Meadow Hay,	644,
" " Pasture land,	9,385, " 10,
" " Wood land,	3,642, " 25,
Estimated number of Cords of Wood	108,024,



Acres of Unimproved land,	5,309, value \$4, 21,236.00
“ “ Unimprovable land,	2,790,
“ “ Land used for roads,	345,
“ “ “ covered with water,	420,
Horses 1 year old and upwards,	249, “ 60, 15,540.00
Oxen 4 “ “ “ “	183, “ 40, 7,320.00
Cows 3 “ “ “ “	788, “ 25, 19,700.00
Steers and Heifers 1 year old and upwards,	485, “ 10, 4,850.00
Sheep 6 months old and upwards,	206, “ 2, 412.00
Swine 6 “ “ “ “	146, “ 6, 876.00

Valuation of, and Tax upon, the property of the town of Hubbards-
ton, as taken May 1, 1867 :—

Valuation of Real Estate,	\$544,110
“ “ Personal Estate,	199,506—743,616.00
Number of Polls	409
Amount of money raised to defray town charges,	\$4,000.00
“ “ “ for support of Schools,	2,000.00
“ “ “ to repair Highways,	2,000.00
“ “ State Tax,	4050.00
“ “ County Tax,	730.55
Overlayings,	483.11
	<u>\$13,263.66</u>

Scale \$16.30 on \$1,000.

Names.	Tax.	Names.	Tax.
Allen, Asa	\$19.97	Baker, Sally	22.01
Allen, John G.	69.50	Baker, Quincy	18.96
Allen, Sally	6.52	Brown, Sewell	5.84
Allen, Mary	6.52	Brown, Dana	191.89
Allen, George	8.062	Brown, Clinton	4.54
Austin, Charles	19.38	Brown, Harvey	3.57
Allen, Apollos A.	3.89	Brown & Bacon,	47.98
Adams, John	65.34	Brown, Austin	24.10
Adams, Darins	2.91	Brown, Shepherd	19.01
Adams, Homer M.	20.20	Brown, Thomas H., heirs of	49.71
Adams, John, Jr.	25.45	Brown, Gilbert	31.35
Adams, Amos T.	3.08	Brown, Moses	162.20
Adams, Henry M.	2.91	Brown, Emeline	8.15
Ashley, Charles W.	15.54	Brown, Walter R.	2.91
		Brown, Welcome	2.91
Balcom, Joseph G.	4.54	Barnes, Francis	12.61
Bowker, George L.	5.36	Barnes, Myra and Lucy	2.77
Bowker & Balcom	97.80	Barnes, Myra	6.52
Bennett, William	136.97	Brigham, Orlando S.	90.60
Bennett, Addison	70.33	Brigham & Potter,	9.78
Bennett, Henry	25.61	Bates, George S.	12.53
Bennett, Moses	5.43	Browning, Joshua	18.54
Bennett, Albert & Edwin	228.81	Browning, James	16.93
Bennett, Albert	29.34	Browning, Abby D.	9.78
Bennett, Loring	16.35	Browning, Lyman W.	2.91
Bennett, David	123.39	Bellows, Isaac	20.84
Bennett, Martha	7.82	Bigelow, Sullivan	6.17



Names.	Tax.	Names.	Tax.
Bigelow, Joseph	17.58	Cleaveland, Joseph A., Jr.	2.91
Bigelow, Increase B.	10.24	Cheney, Lovering A.	18.72
Blood, Charles W.	44.63	Cole, Stephen T.	18.64
Blood & Jackson,	3.26	Clark, Hervey	38.77
Blood, Theodore F.	3.89	Clark, Merrifield	11.06
Blood, Joseph W.	7.80	Chase, George A.	4.21
Beaty, William T.	8.86	Cummings, Fred. A.	2.91
Bacon, Elbridge G.	2.91	Coleman, Frederick	2.91
Brant, William	10.25	Cushman, David Q.	2.91
Bennett, Hannah	29.34	Colon, Warren	2.91
Butler, Eli H.	5.36	Cole, John T. A.	2.91
Burrongs, George H.	7.97		
Boyd, Hiram C.	2.91	Dewey, Francis H.	7.80
Bruce, Charles R.	2.91	Damon, Alonzo	12.69
Blake, Ella	2.91	Davis, Amasa G.	81.42
Blake, John	3.73	Davis, Moses	2.91
Bigelow, Warren N.	2.91	Davis, Ann C.	7.33
Brooks, Henry D.	3.97	Davis, Charles	40.73
		Davis, Isaac	28.18
Clark, William S.	44.99	Davis, John	19.21
Clark, William S., Jr.	45.05	Davis, Carlo B.	16.76
Clark, William G.	15.62	Davis, Israel	73.65
Clark, Edwin H.	33.67	Davis, John S.	7.80
Clark & Wilson,	8.15	Davis, Fred. E.	2.91
Clark, A. B. & E. H.	.82	Daniels, Augustus	2.91
Clark, Noah A.	14.71	Dexter, Benjamin	24.45
Clark & Goodnow,	13.04	Day, Nabby T.	9.13
Clark, Ferdinand N.	62.41	Day, Charles M.	2.91
Clark, Peter F.	20.35	Day, William B.	2.91
Clark, John C.	2.91	Downey, Michael	2.91
Clark, Amos F.	20.03	Dunton, Sylvanus, heirs of	54.75
Clark, Warren	52.63	Dunton, Newton	15.39
Clark, Danford	61.75	Delano, C. O.	10.16
Clark, Martin & Myrick, Walton	30.37	Davis, Waite & Co.,	70.09
Clark, Asa	5.36	Dyer, Otis	2.91
Clark, Charlotte	12.22		
Clark, Asa G.	23.94	Eveleth, Willinn J.	28.26
Clark, Washburn,	11.06	Earle, Jonathan P.	18.48
Clark, James W.	7.48	Earle, James	31.60
Clark, Anson B.	28.51	Earle, Tyler	2.91
Clark, Betsy and Maria	27.71	Earle, William H.	6.52
Clark, Betsy	29.34	Earle, Silas	10.49
Clark, Mary Ann	17.93	Eaton, John H.	2.91
Clark, John F., heirs of	3.26	Eames, Ambrose	4.21
Campbell, Vincent	4.79		
Coleman, Almon	6.34	Felton, Nathan H.	54.28
Coleman, Benjamin F.	18.23	Felton, George W.	5.36
Coleman, Reuben	12.53	Felton & Morse,	15.24
Coleman, Oliver B.	2.91	French, Perez	5.36
Coleman, Hervey	9.84	Flagg, Josiah	7.80
Conant, Levi	62.82	Flagg, Joshua	22.06
Conant, Levi W.	15.62	Flagg, John E.	8.45
Conant, Benjamin P.	11.55	Flagg, Joshua, Jr.	9.43
Church, Eliza	6.52	Flagg, Joel S.	4.46
Church, Asa H.	2.91	Follett, Jonas	18.29
Church, Stephen D.	2.91	Follett, Lucy W.	13.04
Church, Sophia	6.52	Falis, Joseph S.	2.91
Codding, Zenas	12.04	Falis, Mrs. Joseph S.	25.26
Cleaveland, Henry L.	15.26	Falis, Henry, heirs of	19.56
Cleaveland, Joseph A.	4.21	Falis, Jarvis	3.56



Names.	Tax.	Names.	Tax.
Flynn, John B.	46.11	Hallock, Isaac	43.88
Flynn, James S.	2.91	Hallock & Pollard,	25.57
Frost, Benjamin C.	0.98	Holt, Elias O.	2.91
Fowler, Oscar A.	2.91	Harwood, Sumner	42.03
Fisher, Charles D.	2.91	Hobbs, Charles	69.50
Farrington, Manson	2.91	Hobbs, Moses G.	6.66
Forbush, David G.	2.91	Hobbs, Charles E.	2.91
		Hager, Charles	17.51
Goodspeed, John	27.11	Hyde, William,	6.69
Gates, Jonathan	26.46	Hyde, William, heirs of	8.15
Gates, Jonathan D.	19.54	Hartwell, James H.	40.73
Gibbs, Amasa	12.12	Hartwell, Alonzo	21.13
Greenwood, Joseph E.	26.06	Hodge, Asa S.	68.97
Greenwood, Silas N.	25.73	Hamilton, George W.	38.48
Greenwood, Alson J.	48.30	Hastings, Dorinda C.	19.97
Greenwood, Aaron	42.27	Holt, Dennis	12.04
Greenwood, Lyman	70.39	Hosmer, D. & A.	18.91
Greenwood, Horace, heirs of	39.73	Hosmer, Amos	14.12
Greenwood, William S.	9.92	Holt, Jonas	20.03
Greenwood, Thomas E.	3.11	Harrington & Howard,	90.99
Greenwood, Morrill A.	2.91	Hinds, Charles E.	41.63
Grimes, Harrison	85.63	Harris, Joseph H.	14.32
Grimes, H., and Pollard A.	9.78	Harris, Calvin P.	5.83
Grimes, Hiram	33.23	Heard, Catharine	40.75
Grimes, Sewell	4.54	Hartwell, Edson	2.91
Grimes, Edwin	15.79	Hemenway, Albert	21.26
Grimes, Aaron	53.79	Horton, Andrew	5.92
Grimes, Joseph	20.02		
Gardner, Volney	2.91	Jackson, Augustine	38.69
Gay, Almer	43.01	Joslin, Silas 2d.	6.17
Gay, Elbridge A.	1.30	Joslin, William	67.70
Green, William M.	33.23	Ditto, as Guardian for Dana	
Green, John C.	20.51	Lyons,	18.41
Green, John C., Jr.	2.91	Joslin, Hollis	58.67
Gleason, Andrew	126.92	Joslin, Levi	67.18
Gleason, Freeland S.	2.91	Joslin, Levi G.	2.91
Gleason, Samuel S.	4.95	Joslin, Silas	25.57
Greenwood, Ethan A., heirs of	130.40	Johnson, D. L.	32.66
Greenwood, Caroline	13.04	Jennison, Flint	19.21
Gilson, Nathaniel	2.91	Jennison, Edward H.	2.91
Gregg, Frank	2.91	Jacobs, Charles	3.73
Green, Joseph	14.32		
Goddard, S. W. E.	50.18	Kendall, Esther J.	5.54
Gaut, Samuel H.	2.91	King, Francis F.	2.91
		Kelton, Elihu	73.62
Howe, Abel	59.51	King, Amos F.	2.91
Howe, Herbert W.	2.91	Kendall, Chester B.	20.03
Hale, Thomas, heirs of	39.28		
Hale, Merrill	25.63	Leonard, Richard	20.35
Hale, Irving T.	15.95	Langhna, Terrence	7.48
Hale, J. Otis	75.89	Lamb, James	2.91
Hale & Williams,	110.02	Lamb, Harrison W.	2.91
Hale, Seth P.	2.91	Lamb, Larkin	2.91
Heald, Calvin	2.93	Lyon, Aaron	10.41
Heald & Goodspeed,	66.13	Lovewell, Leander	23.24
Heald, Abigail	16.30	Lovewell, Joseph	25.97
Hunting, Julianna	29.91	Lovewell, John	27.37
Hunting, Daniel	4.87	Leamy, William	15.47
Hunting, Henry	3.21	Lester, Anthony	6.17
Hallock, William A.	2.91	Lamphear, S. H.	49.52



Names.	Tax.	Names.	Tax.
Lewis, Fauny S.	14.26	Nichols, Samuel G.	3.09
Lewis, Albert S.	2.91	Nichols, Joseph C.	2.91
Leland, Moses	15.38	Nichols, Moses	28.75
Lucius, Andrew	2.91	Nelson, Oliver	2.91
		Newton, Timothy	3.73
Morse, John	77.43		
Morse, Lyman	15.95	Osgood, Isaac	15.95
Morse, Joel	4.38	Osgood, Henry W.	4.70
Morse, J. & F. P.	12.22	Olmstead, Israel J.	2.91
Morse, Fred. P.	7.07	Orr, Thomas	2.91
Morse, Horace	31.44		
Morse, William H.	83.60	Prentiss, Henry	207.47
Morse, Augustus	26.08	Prentiss, Spencer	77.22
Morse & Pollard,	97.80	Prentiss, George	43.66
Morse, Augusta	26.08	Pollard, David	146.24
Marean, Joseph P.	53.45	Pollard, Charles E.	2.91
Marean, Clark W.	17.58	Pollard, Alden	28.19
Marean, Oren	79.36	Pollard, A. and Greenwood, J. L.	9.78
Marean, William	12.20	Pollard, Edmund A.	39.59
May, Patrick C.	4.38	Pollard, Charles A.	2.91
May, Mrs. P. C.	6.52	Phelps, Benjamin D.	95.41
Merriam, Asa	64.03	Phelps, Henry B.	2.91
Merriam, Willard	2.91	Phelps, Moses	16.05
Marean, Dumont	3.24	Phelps, Dexter	14.67
Marean, Cecelia	7.33	Pond, Hollis	44.31
Marean, William C.	2.91	Pond, George H.	2.91
Monlton, Sewell	180.33	Pond, Levi T.	2.91
Maynard, Samuel J.	4.21	Pond, Horace G.	48.63
Maynard, Fred.	2.91	Pond, Ezra P.	48.26
Miller, Addison	2.91	Parker, Otis	49.19
Morrissey, John	6.17	Parker, William J.	13.89
Murdock, Sumner	27.93	Parker, Stephen S.	2.91
Murdock, Elisha	41.13	Pierce, Benjamin F.	79.09
Murdock, E., and Stowe, W.	12.43	Pierce, Levi	32.60
Murdock, Joseph C.	26.58	Pierce, Watson I.	2.91
Murdock, Leander L.	2.91	Parkhurst, A. H.	14.65
Mann, Ebenezer	22.89	Phillips, James	2.91
Mundell, Isaac	17.91	Phillips, Benjamin F.	3.26
Martin, George W.	2.91	Partridge, Abijah, heirs of	.49
Minus, Thomas	19.36	Potter, Bennett	27.85
Minus, James	2.91	Prouty, Norman F.	3.26
Minus, John	2.91	Pike, Amos	15.46
Myrick, Walter	1.75	Perry, Charles M.	4.54
McFarland, Elijah	8.64	Parsons, Willard	10.65
McFarland, Elijah W.	18.56	Putnam, Rufus	2.91
McClenathan, Whiting	14.32	Potter, James H.	29.15
Moore, Thomas L., heirs of	3.75		
Moore, Joseph W.	3.89	Richardson, Peter	79.60
Moore, Rufus D.	2.91	Raymond, Nathan	2.91
Morse, John Q.	59.56	Reed, Sophia P.	32.60
Morse, Adeline B.	8.15	Reed, Joseph B.	50.26
Moore, Luke S.	60.46	Reid, George W.	152.75
Miller, Fidelia	6.52	Ditto, as Trustee for Amasa Clark,	48.90
McCormack, Michael	7.72	Rice, David	3.40
McCormack, Timothy	2.91	Rice, Francis	21.33
Maney, Edward	17.99	Rice, George W.	2.91
Magrath, Roxana, heirs of	4.89	Russell, Silas	2.91
Morrissey, Patrick	2.91	Russell, Joseph	29.52
Mulstay, Owen	14.38	Roper, Samuel	24.26
		Rand, William C.	2.91
		Robbins, Albert	2.91



Names.	Tax.	Names.	Tax.
Stone, Jotham	21.17	Underwood, Amos G.	20.12
Stone, Andrew	12.23	Upland, James P.	6.17
Stone, A. and Conant, B. P.	11.41		
Stone, Milton	31.19	Waite, Moses	9.13
Sheedy, William	2.91	Waite, Joseph	27.86
Smith, John A.	7.80	Waite, Aaron	47.90
Stowe, Ephraim	18.96	Waite, George A.	2.91
Stowe, William	51.89	Waite, Rockwell H.	26.06
Stowe, George W.	4.54	Waite, Luke	75.67
Stowe, Sumner M.	2.91	Waite, Increase S.	55.89
Stowe, Reuben	15.54	Waite, Albert H.	2.91
Stowe, Charles E.	2.91	Warren, Betsy	27.71
Simonds, Willard A.	2.91	Warren, Walter	60.45
Savage, Seth	27.90	Whittemore, William H.	10.25
Savage, Samuel K.	22.01	Woods, Edwin	22.56
Savage, James	24.73	Woodward, Elisha	22.55
Sawyer, Luke	71.95	Woodward, Rowland	33.39
Sargent, E. M.	5.36	Woodward, John F.	128.66
Sargent, Mrs. E. M.	2.45	Ditto, as Trustee for P. Grimes,	97.80
Smith, Eunous	16.11	Woodward & Warren,	60.31
Smith, Ira W.	2.91	Woodward, Lyman	71.08
Sargent, William H.	2.91	Wheeler, Sewell	64.44
Shattler, Jacob	2.91	Wheeler, Jennison	26.06
Sargent, Elwell	2.91	Wheeler, Albert	23.49
Smith, Loring	2.91	Wheeler, Moses C.	26.87
Savage, Edward B.	2.91	Wilbur, Williams	43.67
Sanford, Richard	3.56	Wilbur, Priest, heirs of	11.90
Sheron, John	3.64	Willard, Ephraim	41.89
		Wilson, Abram H.	20.35
Taylor, Lemuel F.	6.74	Whitney, Jonathan W.	15.95
Taylor, Nathaniel	6.99	Whitney, Rebekah G.	4.89
Tyler, Nathan	7.15	Williams, Luke	22.95
Thompson, John	72.70	Williams, Luke, Jr.	86.25
Thompson, Charles J.	10.25	Williams, John D.	143.79
Thompson, Henry C.	3.85	Williams, William C.	23.05
Temple, Rhoda	28.53	Williams, David R.	4.95
Tenney, Daniel W.	3.89	Witt, Daniel	14.32
Tenney, Joseph M.	13.67	Whitney, George W.	12.73
Tenney, Charles F.	2.91	Wright, Nathan, heirs of	19.56
Taft, Alonzo J., heirs of	1.30	Wright, Benjamin F.	7.23
Tilton, Ebenezer	68.80	Wright, Benjamin	3.56
Tilton, E. & Co.	44.82	Wright, Joab C.	80.34
Tilton, Joseph	7.23	Wright, Elizabeth	40.10
Titus, William C., heirs of	9.78	Wright, John R.	26.22
Thacher, Elbridge G.	2.91	Wyman, Harrison	26.59
Tracey, Richard	2.91	Willis, George	18.40
Thomas, Herbert G.	2.91	Ward, James	12.69
Tolman, Henry J.	2.91	Warren, Harriet	9.78
Taylor, Edward T.	3.61	Ward, Hiram	11.72
		Ware, Albert	2.91
Underwood, Asa	61.10	Wilder, Henry A.	34.37
Underwood, Caleb	33.07	Woods, Edward	2.91
Underwood, Horace	98.18		
Underwood, Josiah	106.42	Young, Allen	4.94
Underwood, John	8.13	Young, Sumner C.	30.31



There are about 3968 acres of Non-Resident Lands: Valuation thereof, \$62,830.00; Tax on the same, \$1,024.13.

In addition to the foregoing, there were School District Taxes raised in the following Districts, to wit:

District No. 2,	Grant \$50.00,	Overlayings 1.75,	Scale 0.60
" " 3,	" 25.00,	" 1.91,	" 40
" " 7,	" 25.00,	" 1.68,	" 40
" " 9,	" 75.00,	" 1.90,	" 2.00

The money granted by the town for the support of Common Schools is divided among the several Districts in the following manner, to wit:

One third part thereof is divided equally among the Districts, and the remainder is allotted to the Districts in proportion to the children therein between the ages of 4 and 21 years.

F84438.79



